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Established June, 1768, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting, general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

THE WICKFORD LINE.

One of the big problems that now confronts the City of Newport is the operation of the Wickford Line. A pretty definite statement has been received from the representatives of the New York, New Haven & Hartford that the line will be discontinued on September 24, and will probably never be resumed by that company, inasmuch as the deficit runs into thousands of dollars every year. This will be a severe blow to Newport unless some means can be evolved for operating this connection with the Shore Line trains, otherwise rail traffic between New York and Newport will have to go around by way of Providence.

It has been suggested that the city take over the operation of the steamer between Newport and Wickford, but of course this offers serious difficulties. It is a problem that will require deep study, in the hope of reaching some solution before the opening of another season.

THEATRES ATTACHED

There was a new development in the local theatrical situation on Wednesday, when action to recover possession of the Opera House and Bijou Theatre was taken by the owners, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Horgan, claiming that the leases had been broken. Attachments were served by Deputy Sheriff Frank P. King, and a keeper was put in charge at each house.

It is understood that the owners plan to have the Bijou opened just as soon as the legal proceedings can be straightened out, and that Mr. Vietri, who was a former lessee, will again be in charge. What will be done with the Opera House cannot be told. It is understood that there is also some argument about the personal property in some of the theatres, and the matter may be threshed out in the courts.

Arrangements have been made for stocking the coal bins of the school department with sufficient coal to carry them along until January 1. There is not a sufficient appropriation to purchase the coal for the entire winter, but it is felt that a priority order will enable them to keep supplied.

The public schools will re-open on Monday next, and the indications point to an unusually large attendance. Superintendent Lull has returned from his vacation in New Hampshire, and is a very busy man just now in preparation for the opening.

Mr. Reginald Stevens Kimball will be connected with the Massachusetts Normal School at Bridgewater during the coming school year. He will teach history and mathematics and will also be an assistant principal of the institution.

Newport was treated to another heavy electrical storm Wednesday afternoon. The storm broke about five o'clock, and the rain fell in torrents, while there were several very vivid flashes of lightning and heavy thunder.

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen Thursday evening, routine business was transacted. The monthly meeting was held on Tuesday evening, when bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations.

LABOR DAY

Although the weather on Labor Day was about as disagreeable as it well could be, there was rather more activity in Newport than has been customary on that holiday. There were not as many visitors as there should have been, because of the weather, as it rained in some places up the State much harder than it did in Newport. There were some autoists who defied the conditions and came anyway and a few of the large trucks brought passengers over the road. But the big crowds that should have marked the last summer holiday were conspicuous by their absence. The weather interfered with the attendance at many of the events arranged for the day, but late in the afternoon the clouds passed away, and the evening was delightful for the big parade of automobiles and floats, which was a novel feature and received universal praise.

The big event for the youngsters in the morning was the contest for prizes at the beach. Numbered blocks had been buried in the sand, and when a signal was given there was a mad scramble for the trophies. As fast as a block was dug up, the winner scurried off to the Convention Hall to redeem his prize, and many of the kiddies were made very happy. The attendance was not as large as if the weather had been better, but the rain held off at any rate.

There was considerable interest in the athletic events at Freedy Park in the afternoon, although there was a light rain that made it rather disagreeable for the spectators. The Brownsies won the meet, defeating the Torpedo Station and the Y. M. C. A. teams by a substantial margin.

The big event of the day took place in the evening, when the big automobile parade was held. Long before dark autoists began to come in to the center of the city, some to take part in the parade, and others to look on. It was a rather difficult job for the marshals to arrange the line, with so many entries, and with some of the floats so large that they could not be manoeuvred easily, but promptly at the hour set, 8:30, the parade started and covered the route in good time. It was one of the most spectacular events seen in Newport for many years and reminded one of the big parades of years gone by. There were gaily decorated and illuminated floats, mounted on trucks, there were handsome and elaborate trades displays, and there were many pleasure cars that made a long line requiring considerable time to pass a given point, though the vehicles moved at approximately ten miles an hour. The Fort Adams band, on a large truck was near the head of the line and furnished music.

The display of fire apparatus was one of the notable features of the parade. The whole of Newport's motorized department was in line, and surprised even those who are familiar with city affairs. The Training Station department also had a place in line, and the new motor apparatus of the town of Middletown attracted much attention. All were in brilliantly shining apparel and attracted much applause along the route.

The floats were really the biggest thing in line. There were many of them, and all showed the results of hard work and much artistic talent. The Training Station had an elaborate float that drew much applause and won a prize. The Horticultural Society's float was one of the most beautiful ever turned out, having an exact model of the Old Stone Mill worked in greenery and set with elaborate floral decorations. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company showed a wonderful illuminated model of the Metropolitan building. The Telephone exhibit was really a wonderful one, having a representation of a switchboard with fourteen operators on duty.

In the commercial section the display of Ray B. Wilson, showing a fully equipped bathroom in glistening white carried off the first honors, as well as catching the approval of the public.

The parade was reviewed at the City Hall and the judges made their final inspection there. It was not always easy for them to decide the winners, for there were many meritorious displays.

The police did excellent work in handling the traffic congestions, and it was not long after the parade had passed that all vehicles were straightened out. During the early evening Washington Square and Thames street were filled with crowds of humanity, all anxious to see the sights.

The Board of Canvassers and Registration held their preliminary canvass of the voting lists on Tuesday, and they are now being printed in the Mercury office for the first posting for the fall elections.

END OF THE SEASON

Although many of the large houses will remain open for weeks yet, the active season in Newport may be considered as practically over. The Beach is gradually settling down into fall quarters, but some parts will remain open through the month to accommodate the late bathers. It has not been a wonderfully successful season there because of the worst weather on record for many years. Saturdays, Sundays and holidays have been particularly disappointing, for these have generally brought the worst weather of the whole week. However, Newport is not alone in this respect, as all resorts have suffered heavily from this cause this summer.

In the social section of the city the season has been a good one, with much activity on the part of the summer residents. Rather more houses were open this summer than usual, and the indications are that next year's conditions will be even better. The purchase of Rough Point by James B. Duke indicates that that famous estate will be opened next season after having been closed for many years, and it will probably be the scene of some large entertainments. "Inchiquin," recently purchased by Thomas Ridgway, will also be a place of activity another year. It is rumored that Edson Bradley is in the market for a handsome Newport estate, as his summer residence on Long Island was recently destroyed by fire, and he will probably be a property owner here before the opening of another season. Mrs. Robert Ogden Bacon of New York, who has been at the La-Forge cottage throughout the summer, has looked at a number of places with a view to purchasing. Altogether the next season ought to bring to Newport a complete restoration of its old-time prosperity.

READY FOR WORCESTER

At the meeting of Kolah Grotto on Thursday evening, final details were arranged for the Worcester trip next week. Very gratifying returns had been received from the members, indicating that there will be a large number in the party. Ample accommodations have been reserved at the Hotel Bancroft in Worcester, and suitable arrangements have been made for transportation by automobile.

In addition to entering in the various contests for the uniformed organizations, Kolah Grotto will have an excellent ball team on the field, and hopes to land the prize for that event. Four teams have been entered, and the preliminary contests will take place on Friday afternoon, with the deciding game on Saturday afternoon. Prophet William P. Watson, Jr., is in charge of this event, and he promises a ball team that will open the eyes of the rivals.

For those members of Kolah who are not assigned to any of the three uniformed units, a costume has been chosen that is expected to surpass anything that has been seen in a Grotto parade in the East. In conjunction with the uniform of the Band, Drum Corps and Patrol, Kolah can hardly help carrying off first prize for appearance.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Lillian McCormick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. McCormick, and Mr. Cyril Glorieux, on Wednesday, September 27. The ceremony will be performed at St. Mary's Church at 11 o'clock.

Saturday will be Tag Day for the Y. M. C. A., when a number of young ladies will sell tags on the street for the benefit of that organization. These tags will carry admission to the Bazaar that will be held there next week.

The old Ocean House on Bellevue avenue was totally destroyed by fire twenty-four years ago yesterday. For twenty-four years the people of Newport have been thinking and talking about building a hotel to replace it.

Rear Admiral William S. Sims will be placed upon the retired list of the Navy on October 15th, when he will reach the age of 64 years. His successor as president of the War College has not yet been announced.

Commodore Arthur Curtiss James has purchased another tract of land on Ocean avenue to add to his present holdings. His latest purchase comprises some 17 acres which he bought from Ethel Rhinelandler King.

The wedding of Miss Mary Sherman Hammett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Hammett, and Mr. Lawrence H. Dunklee of Providence, will take place at the home of the bride's parents on Saturday, September 16.

ROGERS MEMORIAL TABLET

The tablet to the memory of those graduates or former students of the Rogers High School who gave their lives in the late war, was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on Wednesday evening, being turned over to the School by President John H. Nolan of the Alumni Association and accepted by Headmaster Frank E. Thompson. A stirring address was delivered by Rev. Francis K. Little, rector of Emmanuel Church.

The tablet was made possible by gifts of the members of the Alumni Association. It is made of Caen stone and bears the names of the nine former students who made the supreme sacrifice: Samuel M. Cottrell, Evanda C. Garnett, Frederick C. Mayer, Lucius D. Rice, Sidney D. Reynolds, William Simpson, Francis K. Maguire, James W. Wilson, Jr., and Robert L. Wood. It is placed upon the wall of the Assembly Hall at the left of the stage.

Alderman Hughes presided in the absence of Mayor Mahoney, and after a piano selection by Mr. Henry Stuart Hendy, presented Rev. Mr. Little as the first speaker. He told of the great problems that followed the close of the war, and spoke of the terrible handicap that still marred many of the men that took part in it. He deplored the lack of appreciation on the part of the people of Newport, as represented by the small number in attendance at the dedication of the tablet.

Mr. John H. Nolan then presented the tablet to the School in behalf of the Alumni Association, speaking briefly but eloquently. He then unveiled the tablet and read the names, accompanied by the roll of a drum and followed by the sounding of Taps on the bugle. Mr. Thompson then accepted the gift from the Alumni in behalf of the faculty of the school.

ANTHONY-KING

A very pretty home wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Peter King on Tuesday evening, when their daughter, Miss Lynette King, was united in marriage to Mr. Harold C. Anthony of New Haven, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Roy W. Magoun, in the presence of a number of relatives and friends. The house was beautifully decorated with cut flowers and plants, and in the drawing room, where the ceremony was performed, a handsome bower of palms had been erected.

The bride entered the room on the arm of her father, who gave her in marriage. She wore a gown of white satin and lace, and carried a bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley. She was attended by her sister, Miss Roberta King, as maid of honor. Mr. Peter King, Jr., was the best man.

Following the ceremony a reception was held and a collation was served by Muenchinger, while Conrad's orchestra furnished music. Later in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony left by automobile for a wedding trip through the White Mountains.

The date fell upon the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Peter King, and also Mrs. King's birthday.

The marriage of Miss Marion Cameron McLeish, daughter of Mrs. James C. McLeish, and Mr. Harry Wilfred Saunders of Brunswick, Maine, took place at the parsonage of the United Congregational Church on Saturday evening. The bride has been a teacher in the Coddington School for a number of years, and the groom is the editor of the Brunswick Record of Brunswick, Maine. He was formerly employed in Newport, where he made his home for several years.

Newport Post of the American Legion has named a committee consisting of Walter Curry, George P. J. Reagan, and Benjamin Winans to arrange with other organizations for the staging of an historical pageant on Armistice Day, Nov. 11. This is planned to take the place of the customary street parade on that day. It is planned to have representations of episodes in the various wars in which this country has been engaged.

The annual ball for the benefit of the Firemen's Relief Fund was held at Newport Beach on Wednesday evening and was a complete success. The weather was very threatening and at times it poured in torrents, but there was a good attendance throughout the evening.

The officers of the Supreme Lodge and of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island are expected to be present at an open meeting of Malbone Lodge, No. 93, New England Order of Protection, to be held in October.

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MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Gun Club

The Green End Gun Club held its regular Labor Day shoot at the Club on Monday. There were seventeen men present and although the weather was bad and far from ideal for shooting, the scores were excellent, with the best results of the year. Mr. Willard O. Brigham had the highest score, breaking 47 out of 60 clay targets, making a straight run of 12. E. Smith and C. Tallman were tied for second place with 46 breaks each. Seven men were down from Fall River for this event.

Miss Elizabeth Simmons, who has been spending a few weeks in Stamford, Conn., has returned to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Sweet have as week-end and holiday guests, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Roberts of Fall River.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Simmons, Jr., have had as guests Mr. and Mrs. Osborn Bacon of Bristol.

Miss Margaret Stewart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Stewart of this town, and Mr. John Raymond Parker of Newport, were quietly married on Saturday evening at the Parsonage of the United Congregational Church. Rev. Harold S. Capron performed the ceremony. There were no attendants.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Marion Peckham and Mrs. Peckham's sisters, Mrs. Charles Schwartz of Providence and Mrs. MacDougall Haman of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Peckham, have gone on a 10-days' automobile trip to Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wallace Farnum, of Peru, Vt., has returned to her home here.

Mr. James R. Chase, his children, grandchildren and Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Lewis spent Labor Day with Mr. and Mrs. George R. Chase, 2d, at their home in Newport.

A business meeting of the Berkeley Dramatic Club was held recently in the Berkeley Parish House. After the business a miscellaneous shower was given to Miss Dorothy C. Peckham and Mr. William S. Bailey, 3d, president of the Club.

Mrs. Howard G. Peckham and her younger daughter, Marion, who have been ill at the Newport Hospital, have returned to their home on Paradise avenue.

The schools of this town will re-open on Monday, September 11.

A whist was given on Thursday evening at the Holy Cross Guild house. The affair, which was well attended, was in charge of Mr. Kenneth Towle.

The Trask Artesian Well Company, which has been at work at the well at the Berkeley School, has completed the work there, having sunk a well 175 feet deep. There is a flow of nine gallons a minute. When the drill was removed the water was within eight feet of the top. It has not been decided whether a deep suction pump, which will cost about \$600, will be needed or not.

Mrs. John H. Peckham has as guest her mother, Mrs. Mary Brownell of Westport, Mass.

Mrs. Walter Barker, who has been spending a few days in Springfield with her husband, has returned to her home here. Mr. Barker is employed in New York by the Lane Construction Company.

Mitchell's Lane is closed to traffic. Since the heavy rains the road at Albro's woods is a deep quagmire. It is being repaired.

At a recent meeting of the St. Columba's Guild which was held at the Berkeley Parish House it was planned to hold a bridge whist party on September 12, Tuesday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. Harriet Brownell. Home made cake and fancy articles will be on sale.

Mrs. Clinton Copeland, who has been guest of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bailey in New Bedford, has returned to her home.

Mr. Charles Thomas, who has been confined to his home with a badly sprained ankle, is now able to be out again.

Mr. Francis Peabody, who cut his foot very severely about four weeks ago while bathing at the beach, is now able to be about with a cane.

A number of young people gave a dance on Friday evening at the town hall, to raise funds to pay the insurance on the Middletown Free Library.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Smith have had as guests at their bungalow on Third Beach road, Misses Esther Hansen, Edith Alfild, Ruth Thoreen and Mary Moysse, of Worcester, Mass.

Mr. Thomas Duffy and two of his sisters, of Newport, while driving through this town were struck by another machine near Turner Road. A red racer with three young men occupants struck their machine and continued on their way without stopping. The machine was damaged but no one was seriously injured, although they received cuts and bruises.

Plans are being made for a men's supper to be given by the men of the Methodist Episcopal Church about the first week in November.

The regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange was held at the town hall on Thursday evening. "Masters' Night" was observed. The Masters from neighboring granges were present.

The American Legion Auxiliary gave an enjoyable masquerade dance at the Beach on Friday evening. A large attendance was expected.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

Minstrel Show

The minstrel show by the Elite Club was given at Oakland Hall on Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, for the benefit of Sarah Rebekah Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F. A large crowd was present to witness the event, many being present from Newport. Mr. Alexander Bigliely of Newport gave a clog dance. Ice cream and cake were on sale after the show, which was followed by dancing. Music was furnished by the Aquidneck orchestra, which played until midnight. The surplus cakes were auctioned off by Mr. Robert Chappelle. The chairman of the committee was Mr. Frank L. Tallman.

Miss Sarah J. Eddy entertained about 20 inmates of the Old Folks Colored Home of Providence and others, numbering about 40 in all, at her home at Bristol Ferry on Tuesday. Dinner, consisting of quahog chowder, string beans, doughnuts, rolls, cakes, ice cream and tea, was served. A short program of addresses and singing was enjoyed.

Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton and two children have returned to their home in Westfield, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frank Anthony gave a family picnic last week at their home on the West Main Road. There were about 40 of the relatives there. Games were played and a number of young people went hatting. Supper was served on a long table spread on the lawn. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Elliott and family, Miss Charlotte Chase of Middletown, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Elliott and family of Taunton, Dr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Carr of Newport, Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton and family of Westfield, Mass., and Mrs. William Grinnell and son, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Coggeshall of this town.

The old Harrington estate near the Portsmouth station, owned for many years by the Harrington family, was recently sold to Mr. Antonio Arruda.

Dr. and Mrs. Clarence Carr have as guests Prof. and Mrs. Mumroe of Princeton, N. J.

Miss Bessie Germond has returned to her home in Cleveland, after a visit with the Misses Elizabeth and Adda Trout.

Rev. and Mrs. Joseph B. Ackley have returned from their vacation.

The annual clambake will be given by the Odd Fellows of Oakland Lodge No. 32, I. O. O. F., on this Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. The bake will be served by Mr. Edward Potter.

Messrs. Gordon D. Oxx, Edward Tilley and William Shepley, of Newport, are camping out on the shore near Vaucluse.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Plummer have gone to Connecticut, where they are visiting their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Corning.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holman and their daughter Amy have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Merle Holman in Springfield, Mass.

The public schools of the town opened on Tuesday after the summer vacation. Miss Edna M. Brophy, who has been spending the summer with her parents in Westfield, Mass., has returned to her home with Mr. and Mrs. David B. Anthony, and has resumed her duties at the Newtown School.

Mrs. George Elliott is caring for her mother, Mrs. John R. Manchester, who is seriously ill at her home with Mr. and Mrs. George R. Manchester.

Mrs. Annie Childs of Newport is spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. William W. Anthony. Her mother, Mrs. M. Frances Taylor, who is also a guest, has been seriously ill, but is now able to be about the house.

Master Warren Hamilton, who has been making his home with Mr. and Mrs. C. Woodman Chase the past six months, is now with his aunt, Mrs. Anna Fish.

Rev. and Mrs. Charles J. Harriman are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gray gave a clambake to about 30 relatives and friends on Labor Day. In the evening cake and punch were served.

Mrs. N. Horace Peckham has had as guests over the holidays her son, Mr. N. Howard Peckham, and several other relatives and friends, of Boston. Mr. Philip Peckham, who had been guest of his mother, Mrs. N. Horace Peckham, has returned to Brockton and Sherburn.

Rev. James P. Conover officiated at St. Mary's Church on Sunday morning. The Sunday Schools of this church and of Holy Cross Church will resume their sessions next Sunday, after the summer vacation.

The Helping Hand Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church met recently at an all-day meeting at the new parish house, with a large attendance. Much work was accomplished in preparation of a sale table at the Newport County Fair.

The group of paintings on exhibition in the gallery at the Portsmouth Public Library are by Miss Sarah J. Eddy of Bristol Ferry. These paintings include several flower studies, and the exhibit will be continued ten days longer.

The new Rogers High School extension was open for public inspection all day Friday, and many citizens took occasion to look over the new building. All expressed themselves as greatly pleased.

The CROSS-CUT

by Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATIONS by R.B. Van Nise

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—At Thornton Fairchild's death his son Robert learns there has been a dark period in his father's life which for almost thirty years has caused him suffering. The secret is blotted out in a document left by the elder Fairchild, which also informs Robert he is the owner of a mining claim in Colorado, and advising him to see Henry Dearborn, a lawyer.

CHAPTER II.—Dearborn tells Robert his claim is in the state of Colorado, thirty-eight miles from Denver. He also warns him against a certain man, "Squint" Rodaine, his father's enemy. Robert decides to go to Colorado.

CHAPTER III.—On the road to Colorado from Denver Fairchild meets a girl, apparently in a frenzy of haste, to change a tire on her auto. When she has left, the sheriff and police come. In pursuit of a bandit, Fairchild bewildered, misleads them as to the direction the girl had taken.

CHAPTER IV.—At Colorado Fairchild is warmly greeted by "Mother" Howard, boarding-house keeper, for his father's sake.

CHAPTER V.—From Mother Howard, Fairchild learns something of the mystery connected with the disappearance of his father. He meets the girl he had seen on the road, who she denies her identity. She is Anita Richmond, Judge Richmond's daughter.

CHAPTER VI.—Visiting his claim, Fairchild is shadowed by a man he recognizes from descriptions as "Squint" Rodaine. Back in Colorado, his father's old friend, Harry Harkins, a Coloradoan, who has come from England to help Fairchild, tells him, with joy.

CHAPTER VII.—The path and the mine located and have not sufficient funds to go on. Fairchild is told that the mine is practically a dead mine, and is abandoned. Fairchild, however, is determined to go on.

CHAPTER VIII.—Harkins being a local favorite, the entire population turns out to cheer the "Squint" Rodaine. Fairchild is told that the mine is practically a dead mine, and is abandoned. Fairchild, however, is determined to go on.

CHAPTER IX.—Fairchild learns that Judge Richmond is dying, and that he is Anita's father. They begin, as partners, to work the mine. In their hearts both fear Larson was killed by Thornton Fairchild, and his body buried by a cave-in. The mine is abandoned. Fairchild is told that the mine is practically a dead mine, and is abandoned. Fairchild, however, is determined to go on.

CHAPTER X.—Fairchild puts up the claim as bond, and secures Harry's release from jail. They are offered \$50,000 for the claim, by an unknown party, and agree to disregard it. Clearing the mine, they come to where they fear to find Larson's remains.

CHAPTER XI.—A skeleton, in a miner's costume, which Harkins identifies as Larson, is there, and there seems little doubt that Thornton Fairchild was a murderer.

CHAPTER XII.—Fairchild informs the coroner of the discovery of the skeleton. At the inquest, "Crazy Laura," an insane wife of "Squint" Rodaine, and an acknowledged imbecile, gives damaging testimony against Thornton Fairchild. The jury returns a verdict that Larson came to his death at Thornton Fairchild's hands. Anita's engagement to Maurice Rodaine is announced.

CHAPTER XIII.—Summoned to Denver to receive "important information" Fairchild is offered \$100,000 for the mine. Fairchild refuses. Returning to Colorado, he hears of a marvelous strike made in the Silver Queen, Rodaine's mine, which adds to the Blue Poppy.

CHAPTER XIV.—The capital of the two partners is rapidly vanishing. Anita appears to avoid Fairchild. He and Harry discover what appears to be a relic of leaving Harry in the mine. Fairchild hastens to have the relic assayed.

CHAPTER XV.—The assayer tells Fairchild the vein is almost solid silver. Hastening back, he finds the mine destroyed by a cave-in, and Harry gone.

CHAPTER XVI.—A note from Anita tells Fairchild on Rodaine's track. He follows his enemy to the home of "Crazy Laura" and hears him plot the murder of Harry, whom the woman had in the house, in an unconscious state.

CHAPTER XVII.—In the absence of the Rodaines, Fairchild gets Harry from the home and to a hospital. He has been delirious by the crazy woman, but makes a quick recovery. He tells of escaping from the mine through an unexpected passage. Judge Richmond dies, leaving Anita friendless. Anita visits the partner in the mine, seeking Fairchild, and against the Rodaines. Startled by a mysterious noise, the three take refuge in the passage which Harry had found.

CHAPTER XVIII.

So this explained, after a fashion, Harry's disappearance. This revealed why the search through the mountains had failed. This—

But Fairchild suddenly realized that now was not a time for conjecturing upon the past. The man on the bed was unconscious, incapable of helping himself. Far below, a white-haired woman, her toothless jaws uttering one weird chant after another, was digging for him a quicklime grave, in the insane belief that she was aiding in accomplishing some miracle of immortality. In time—and Fairchild did not know how long—an ill-visaged, scar-faced man would return to help her carry the inert frame of the unconscious man below and bury it. Nor could Fairchild tell from the conversation whether he even intended to perform the merciful act of killing the poor, broken being before he covered it with acids and quick-acting lime in a grave that soon would remove all vestige of human identity forever. Certainly now was not a time for thought: it was one for action!

And for caution. Instinct told Fairchild that for the present, at least, he must believe that Harry had escaped unharmed. There were too many other things in which Robert



"I Don't Know Whether He's Going to Pull Through or Not."

The physician nodded.

"There's hardly a chance for him."

The physician went, and Fairchild took his place beside the bed of the unconscious Harry, his mind divided between concern for his faithful partner and the girl who, some time in the night, must say good-by forever to the father she loved.

Judge Richmond was dying. What would that mean? What effect would it have upon the engagement of Anita and the man Fairchild hoped that she detested? What—then he turned at the entrance of the interns with the batteries.

"If you're going to be here all night," said the white-coated individual, "it'll help me out a lot if you'll use these batteries for me." Put them on at their full force and apply them to his cheeks, his hands, his wrists and the soles of his feet alternately. From the way he acts, there's some sort of morphia poisoning. We can't tell what it is—except that it acts like a narcotic. And about the only way we can pull him out is with these applications."

The interns turned over the batteries and went on about his work, while Fairchild, hoping with his heart that he had not placed in "imprudent" in the way of Harry's recovery by not telling what he knew of Crazy Laura and her concoctions, began his task.

Midnight came and early morning. With dawn, the figure on the bed stirred slightly and groaned. Fairchild looked up, to see the doctor just entering.

"I think he's regaining consciousness."

"Good." The physician brought forth his hypodermic. "That means a bit of rest for me. A little shot in the arm, and he ought to be out of danger in a few hours."

Fairchild watched him as he boiled the needle over the little gas jet at the head of the cot, then dissolved a white pellet preparatory to sending a resuscitator fluid into Harry's arm.

"You've been to Judge Richmond's?" he asked at last.

"Yes." Then the doctor stepped close to the bed. "I've just closed his eyes—forever."

Ten minutes later, after another examination of Harry's pupils, he was gone, a weary, tired figure, stumbling home to his rest—rest that might be disturbed at any moment—the reward of the physician. As for Fairchild, he sat a long time in thought, striving to find some way to send consolation to the girl who was grieving now, struggling to figure a means of telling her that he cared, that he was sorry, and that his heart hurt too. But there was none.

Again a man from the man on the bed, and at last a slight resistance to the sting of the batteries. An hour passed, two; gradually Harry came to himself, to stare about him in a wondering, vacant manner and then to fasten his eyes upon Fairchild. He seemed to be struggling for speech, for co-ordination of ideas. Finally, after many minutes—

"That's you, Boy?"

"Yes, Harry."

"But where are we?"

"We're in a hospital, and you're knocked out. Don't you know where you've been?"

"I don't know anything since I slid down the wall."

"Since you what?"

But Harry had lapsed into semi-consciousness again. And it was not until late in the night after the rescue, following a few hours of rest forced upon him by the interns, that Fairchild once more could converse with his stricken partner.

"It's something I'll have to show you to explain," said Harry. "I can't tell you about it. You know where that little fissure is in the 'angling wall, away back in the stope?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's it. That's where I got out."

"But what happened before that?"

"What didn't happen?" asked Harry, with a painful grin. "Everything in the world happened. I—but what did the assay show?"

Fairchild reached forth and laid a hand on the brawny one of his partner.

"We're rich, Harry," he said, "richer than I ever dreamed we could be. The ore's as good as that of the Silver Queen!"

"The bloody 'ell it is!" Then Harry dropped back on his pillow for a long time and simply grinned at the ceiling. Somewhat anxious, Fairchild leaned forward, but his partner's eyes were open and smiling. "I'm just letting it sink in," he announced, and Fairchild was silent, saving his questions until "it" had sunk. Then:

"You were saying something about that fissure?"

"But there is other things first. After you went to the assayers, I footed around there in the chamber,

and I thought I'd just take a flyer and blow up that hole that I drilled in the 'angling wall at the same time that I shot the other. So I put in the powder and fuses, tamped 'em down and then I thinks, thinks I, that there's somebody moving around in the drift. But I didn't pay any attention to it—you know. I was busy and all that, and you often hear noises that sound funny. So I set 'em off—that is, I lit the fuses and I started to run. Well, I didn't any more—a started when bloo-yy-y, right in front of me, the whole world turned upside down, and I felt myself knocked back into the chamber. And there were them fuses. All of 'em burning. Well, I managed to pull out the one from the foot wall and stamp it out, but I didn't have time to get at the others. And the only place where there was a chance for me was clear at the end of the chamber. Already I was bleeding like a stuck hog where a whole 'arf mountain 'ad 'it me on the 'ead, and I didn't know much what I was doing. I just wanted to get behind something—that's all I could think of. So I shied for that fissure in the rocks and crawled back in there, trying to squeeze as far along as I could. And 'ere's the funny part of it—I kept on 'coring'!"



"We're Going to Work Tonight," He Announced.

begun. The cross-cut had brought wealth and the promise of riches to Fairchild and Harry for the rest of their lives. But it had not freed them from the danger of one man—a man who was willing to do anything in the world, it seemed, to achieve his purpose. Harry's suggestion was a good one.

Well, then Harry ran, to do much as Fairchild had done, to chuckle and laugh and toss the heavy bits of ore about, to stare at them in the light of his carbide torch, and finally to hurry into the new stope which had been fashioned by the hired miners in Fairchild's employ and stare upward at the heavy vein of riches above him.

"Wouldn't it knock your eyes out?" he exclaimed, beaming. "That vein's certainly five feet wide."

"And two hundred dollars to the ton," added Fairchild, laughing. "No wonder Rodaine wanted it."

"I'll say so!" A long time of congratulatory celebration, then Harry led the way to the far end of the great cavern. "Ere it is!" he announced, as he pointed to what seemed to both of them never to be anything more than a fissure in the rocks. "It's the thing that saved my life."

Fairchild stared into the darkness of the hole in the earth, a narrow crack in the rocks barely large enough to allow a human form to squeeze within. He laughed.

"You must have made yourself pretty small, Harry."

"What? When I went through there? See, I could 'ave gone through the eye of a needle. There were six charges of dynamite just about to go off behind me!"

Again the men chuckled as they looked at the fissure, a natural, usual thing in a mine, and often leading, as this one did, by subterranean breaks and slips to the underground bed of some tumbling spring. Suddenly, however, Fairchild whirled with a thought.

"Harry! I wonder—couldn't it have been possible for my father to have escaped from this mine in the same way?"

"E must 'ave."

"And that there might not have been any killing connected with Larson at all? Why couldn't Larson have been knocked out by a flying stone—just like you were? And why?"

"E might of, Boy." But Harry's voice was negative. "The only thing about it was the fact that your father 'ad a bullet 'ole in 'is 'ead." Harry leaned forward and pointed to his own scar. "It 'it right about 'ere, and glanced."

"But the gun? We didn't find any."

"E 'ad it with 'im. It was Sissle Larsen's. No, Boy, there must 'ave been a fight—but don't think that I mean your father murdered anybody. If Sissle Larsen attacked 'im with a gun, then 'e 'ad a right to kill. But as I've told you before—there wouldn't 'ave been a chance for 'im to prove 'is story with Squint working against 'im." He ceased and perked his head toward the bottom of the shaft, listening intently. "Didn't you 'ear something?"

"I thought so. Like a woman's voice."

"Listen—there it is again!"

"Mr. Fairchild!"

They ran to the foot of the shaft, and Fairchild cupped his hands and called:

"Who wants me?"

"It's me." The voice was plainer now—a voice that Fairchild recognized immediately.

"I'm—I'm under arrest or something up here," was added with a laugh. "The guard won't let me come down."

"Wait, and I'll raise the bucket for you. All right, guard!" Then, blinking with surprise, he turned to the staring Harry. "It's Anita Richmond," he whispered.

The bucket was at the top now. A signal from above, and Fairchild lowered it, to extend a hand and to aid the girl to the ground, looking at her with wondering, eager eyes. In the light of the carbide torch, she was the same boyish-appearing little person he had met on the Denver road except that snow had taken the place of dust now upon the whipcord riding habit, and the brown hair which caressed the corners of her eyes was moist with the breath of the blizzard. Some way Fairchild found his voice, lost for a moment.

"Are—are you in trouble?"

"No." She smiled at him.

"But out on a night like this—in a blizzard. How did you get up here?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I walked. Oh," she added, with a smile, "it didn't hurt me any. The wind was pretty stiff—but then I'm fairly strong. I rather enjoyed it."

"But what's happened—what's gone wrong? Can I help you with anything—or—"

Then it was that Harry, with a roll of his blue eyes and a funny wriggle of his big shoulders, moved down the

drift toward the stope, leaving them alone together. Anita Richmond watched after him with a smile, waiting until he was out of hearing distance. Then she turned seriously.

"Mother Howard told me where you were," came quietly. "It was the only chance I had to see you. I—maybe I was a little lonely or—something. But, anyway, I wanted to see you and thank you and—"

"Thank me? For what?"

"For everything. For that day on the Denver road, and for the night after the Old Times dance when you came to help me. I—I haven't had an easy time. Most of the people I know are afraid and—some of them aren't to be trusted. And—you—well, I knew the Rodaines were your enemies—and I've rather liked you for it."

"Thank you, but—" and Fairchild's voice became a bit frigid—"I haven't been able to understand everything. You are engaged to Maurice Rodaine."

"I was, you mean."

"Then—"

"My engagement ended with my father's death," came slowly—and there was a catch in her voice. "He wanted it—it was the one thing that held the Rodaines off him. And he was dying slowly—it was all I could do to help him, and I promised. But—when he went—I felt that my—my duty was over. I don't consider myself bound to him any longer."

"You've told Rodaine so?"

"Not yet. He's coming after me at midnight. We're to go away somewhere."

"Rodaine? Impossible!"

"They've made all their plans. I—I wondered if you—if you'd be somewhere around the house—if you'd—"

"I'll be there. I understand." Fairchild had reached out and touched her arm. "I—want to thank you for the opportunity. I—yes, I'll be there, come with a short laugh. And Harry, too. There'll be no trouble—from the Rodaines!"

She came a little closer to him then and looked up at him with trusting eyes, all the brighter in the spluttering light of the carbide.

"Thank you—it seems that I'm always thanking you. I was afraid—I didn't know where to go—to whom to turn. I thought of you. I know you'd help me—women can guess those things."

"Can they?" Fairchild asked it eagerly. "Then you've guessed all along that—"

But she smiled and cut in.

"I want to thank you for those flowers. They were beautiful."

"You knew that too? I didn't send a card."

"They told me at the telegraph office that you had wired for them. They—meant a great deal to me."

"It meant more to me to be able to send them." Then Fairchild stared with a sudden idea. "Maurice's coming for you at midnight. Why is it necessary that you be there?"

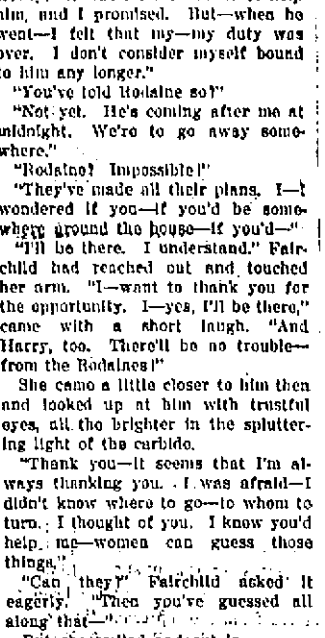
"Why—the idea had struck her too—"It isn't. I—I hadn't thought of it. I was too badly scared, I guess. Everything's been happening so swiftly since—since you made the strike up here."

"With them?"

"Yes, they've been simply crazy about something. You got my note?"

"Yes."

"That was the beginning. The minute Squint Rodaine heard of the strike I thought he would go out of his head."



"Why Is It Necessary That You Be There?"

I was in the office—I'm vice president of the firm, you know," she added, with a sarcastic laugh. "They had to do something to make up for the fact that every cent of father's money was in it."

"How much?" Fairchild asked the question with no thought of being rude—and she answered in the same vein.

"A quarter of a million. That's why I'm vice president."

"And is that why you arranged things to buy this mine?" Fairchild knew the answer before it was given.

"If I arrange—I never thought of such a thing."

"I felt that from the beginning. An effort was made through a lawyer in Denver who hinted you were behind it. Some way I felt differently. I refused. But you said they were going away?"

"Yes. They've been holding conferences—father and son—once after another. They're both excited about something. Last night Maurice came to me and told me that it was necessary for them all to go to Chicago, where the head offices would be established, and that I must go with him. I didn't have the strength to fight him then—there wasn't anybody nearby who could help me. So I—I told him I'd go. Then I lay awake all night, trying to think out a plan—and I thought of you."

"I'm glad," Fairchild touched her small gloved hand then, and she did not draw it away. His fingers moved slowly under hers. There was no resistance. At last his hand closed with

Continued on Page 3

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THE CROSS-CUT

Continued from Page 2

A tender pressure—only to release her again. For there had come a laugh, shy, embarrassed, almost fearful—and the plea:

"Can we go back where Harry is? Can I see the strike again?"

Obediently Fairchild led the way, beyond the big cavern, through the cross-cut and into the new stop, where Harry was picking about with a gad, striving to find a soft spot in which to sink a drill. He looked over his shoulder as they entered and grinned broadly.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "a new miner!"

"I wish I were," she answered. "I wish I could help you."

But Harry had turned and was staring upward. His eyes had become wide, his head had shot forward, his whole being had become one of strained attention. Once he cocked his head, then, with a sudden exclamation, he leaped backward.

"Look out!" he exclaimed. "Urry, look out!"

"But what is it?"

"It's coming down! I heard it!" Excitedly he pointed above, toward the black vein of lead and silver. "Urry for that 'ole in the wall—Urry, I tell you!" He ran past them toward the fissure, yelling at Fairchild. "Pick 'er up and come on! I tell you I heard the wall moving—it's coming down, and if it does, it'll bust in the 'ole tunnel!"

CHAPTER XVIII

Hardly realizing what he was doing, or why he was doing it, Fairchild seized Anita in his arms and, raising her to his breast as though she were a child, rushed out through the cross-cut and along the cavern to the fissure, there to find Harry awaiting them.

"Put 'er in first!" said the Cornishman anxiously. "The farther the safer. Did you 'ear anything more?"

Fairchild obeyed, shaking his head in a negative to Harry's question, then squeezed into the fissure, edging along beside Anita, while Harry followed.

"What's doing, Harry?"

"Nothing. That's the funny part of it!" The big Cornishman had crept to the edge of the fissure and had stared for a moment toward the cross-cut leading to the stop. "If it was coming, it ought to 'ave showed up by now. I'm going back. You say 'ere'."

A long moment and he was back, almost creeping, and whispering, as he reached the end of the fissure.

"Come 'ere—both of you! Come 'ere!"

"What is it?"

"Sh-h-h-h-h. Don't talk too loud. We've been blessed with luck already. Come 'ere'."

He led the way, the man and woman following him. In the stop the Cornishman crawled carefully to the staging and, standing on tiptoes, pressed his ear against the vein above him. Then he withdrew and nodded sagely.

"That's what it is!" came his announcement at last. "You can 'ear it!"

"But what?"

"Get up there and lay your ear against that vein. See if you 'ear anything. And be quiet about it. I'm scared to make a move, for fear somebody'll 'ear me."

Fairchild obeyed. From far away, carried by the telegraphy of the earth—and there are few conductors that are better—was the steady pound, pound, pound of shock after shock as it traveled along the hanging wall. Fairchild turned, wondering, then reached for Anita.

"You listen," he ordered, as he lifted her to where she could hear. "Do you get anything?"

The girl's eyes shone.

"I know what that is," she said quickly. "I've heard that same sort of thing before—when you're on another level and somebody's working above. Isn't that it, Mr. Harkins?"

Harry nodded.

"That's it," came tersely. Then bending, he reached for a pick and, muffling the sound as best he could between his knees, knocked the head from the handle. Following this, he lifted the piece of hickory thoughtfully and turned to Fairchild. "Get yourself one," he ordered. "Miss Richmond, I guess you'll 'ave to stay 'ere. I don't see 'ow we can do much else with you."

"But can't I go along—wherever you're going?"

"There's going to be a fight," said Harry quietly. "And I'm going to knock somebody's block off!"

"But—I'd rather be there than here. I—I don't have to get in it. And I'd be scared to death here. I wouldn't if I was along with you two, because I know—" and she said it with almost childish conviction—"that you can whip 'em."

Harry chuckled.

"Come along, then. I've got a 'unch, and I can't see it now. But it'll come out in the wash. Come along."

They started up the mountain side, skirting the big gullies and edging along the highest drifts, taking advantage of the cover of the pines, and bending against the force of the blizzard, which seemed to threaten to

blow them back, step for step. No one spoke; instinctively Fairchild and Anita had guessed Harry's conclusions. The nearest thing to the Blue Poppy was the Silver Queen, situated several hundred feet above it in altitude and less than a furlong away. And the metal of the Silver Queen and the Blue Poppy, now that the strike had been made, had assayed almost identically the same. It was easy to make conclusions.

They reached the mouth of the Silver Queen. Harry reconnoitered a moment before he gave the signal to proceed. Within the tunnel they went, to follow along its regular, rising course to the stop where, on that garish day when Taylor Bill and Blindeye Bozeman had led the enthusiastic parade through the streets, the vein had shown. It was dark there; no one was at work. Harry unhooked his carbide from his belt, lit it and looked around.

"It ain't coming from 'ere!" he announced. "It's—" then his voice dropped to a whisper—"what's that?" Again a rumbling had come from a distance, as of an ore car traveling over the main tracks. Harry extinguished his light, and drawing Anita and Fairchild far to the end of the stop, flattened them and himself on the ground. A long wait, while the rumbling came closer, still closer; then, in the distance, a light appeared, shining from a side of the tunnel. A clanging noise, followed by clattering sounds, as though of steel rails hitting against each other. Finally the rumbling came more—and the light approached.

Into view came an ore car, and behind it loomed the great form of Taylor Bill as he pushed it along. Straight to the pile of ore he came, unhooked the front of the train, tripped it and piled the contents of the car on top of the dump which already rested there. With that, carbide pointing the way, he turned back, pushing the train before him. Harry crept to his feet.

"We've got to follow!" he whispered. "It's a blind entrance to the tunnel somerfer."

They rose and trailed the light along the tracks, flitting themselves against the timbers of the tunnel as the form of Taylor Bill, faintly outlined in the distance, turned from the regular track, opened a great door in the side of the tunnel, which, to all appearances, was nothing more than the ordinary heavy timbering of a weak spot in the rocks, pulled it far back, then swerved the train within. Then, he stopped and raised a portable switch, throwing it into the opening. A second later the door closed behind him, and the sound of the train began to fade in the distance. Harry went forward, creeping along the side of the tunnel, feeling his way, stopping to listen now and then for the sound of the fading ore car. Behind him were Fairchild and Anita, following the same procedure. And all three stopped at once.

The hollow sound was coming directly to them now. Harry once more brought out his carbide to light it for a moment and to examine the timbering.

"It's a good job!" he commented. "You couldn't tell it five feet off!"

"They've made a cross-cut!" This time it was Anita's voice, plainly angry in spite of his whispering tones. "No wonder they had such a wonderful strike!" came scathingly. "That other stoppe down there—"

"Ain't nothing but a salted proposition," said Harry. "They've cemented up the top of it with the real stuff and every once in a while they blow a lot of it out and cement it up again to make it look like that's the real vein."

"And they're working our mine!" Red spots of anger were flashing before Fairchild's eyes.

"You've said it! That's why they were so anxious to buy us out. And



"We've Got to Follow."

that's why they started this two-million-dollar stock proposition when they found they couldn't do it. They knew if we ever 'it that vein it wouldn't be any time until they'd be caught on the job. That's why they're ready to pull out—with somebody else's million. They're getting at the end of their rope. Another thing; that explains them working at night."

Anita glittered her teeth. "I see it now—I can get the reason. There've been telephoning Denver and holding conferences and all that sort of thing. And they planned to have these two men behind here to take all the blame."

"They'll get enough of it!" added Harry grimly. "They're miners. They could see that they were making a straight cross-cut tunnel on to our vein. They ain't no children, Blindeye and Taylor Bill. And 'ere's where they start setting their trouble."

He pulled at the door and it yielded suddenly. The three slipped past, following along the line of the main track in the darkness, Harry's pick handle swinging beside him as they

sneaked along. Rods that seemed miles; at last, light appeared in the distance. Harry stopped to peer ahead. Then he tossed aside his weapon.

"There's only two of 'em—Blindeye and Taylor Bill. I could whip 'em both myself, but I'll take the big 'un. You—" he turned to Fairchild—"you get Blindeye."

"I'll get him."

Anita stopped and groped about for a stone. "I'll be ready with something in case of accident," came with determination. "I've got a quarter of a million in this, myself!"

They went on, fifty yards, a hundred. Creeping now, they already were within the zone of light, but before them the two men, double-jacking at a "swimmer," had their backs turned. Onward—until Harry and Fairchild were within ten feet of the "high-jackers," while Anita waited, stone in hand, in the background. Came a yell, high-pitched, fleecish, racking, as Harry leaped forward. And before the two "high-jackers" could concentrate enough to use their sledge and drill as weapons, they were whirled about, battered against the hanging wall, and swirling in a daze of blows which seemed to come from everywhere at once. Wildly Harry yelled as he shot blow after blow into the face of his ancient enemy. High went Fairchild's voice as he knocked Blindeye Bozeman staggering, for the third time against the hanging wall, only to see him rise and to knock him down once more.

Dizzily the sandy-haired man swung about in his tracks, staggered, then fell, unconscious. Fairchild leaped upon him, calling at the same time to the girl:

"Find me a rope! I'll trust his hands while he's knocked out!"

Anita leaped into action, to kneel at Fairchild's side a moment later with a heaped strand, as he tied the man's hands behind his back. There was no need to worry about Harry. Glancing out of a corner of his eye, Fairchild saw now that the big Cornishman had Taylor Bill flat on his back and was putting on the finishing touches. And then suddenly the exultant yells changed to ones of command.

"Talk English! Talk English, you bloody blighter! Talk English! 'Er me—I'll knock the bloody 'ell out of you if you don't. Talk English—like this: 'Throw up your hands.' 'Er me'!"

Anita swerved swiftly and west to her feet. Harry looked up at her wildly, his mustache bristling like the spines of a porcupine.

"Did you 'ear 'em say it?" he asked. "No? See it again!"

"Throw up your hands!" came the answer of the beaten man on the ground. Anita ran forward.

"It's a good deal like it," she answered. "But the tone was higher."

"Raise your tone!" commanded Harry, while Fairchild, finishing his job of tying his defeated opponent, rose, staring in wonderment. Then the answer came:

"That's it—that's it. It sounded just like it!"

And Fairchild remembered too—the English accent of the highwayman on the night of the Old Times dance. Harry seemed to bounce on the prostrate form of his ancient enemy.

"Bill," he shouted, "I've got you on your back. And I've got a right to kill you. 'Onest I 'ave. And I'll do it too—unless you start talking. I might as well kill you as not. It's a penitentiary offense to 'it a man underground unless there's a good reason. So I'm ready to go the 'ole route. So tell it—tell it and be quick about it. Tell it—wasn't you him?"

"Hig—what?" the voice was weak, frightened.

"You know 'oo—the night of the Old Times dance! Didn't you pull that 'old-up?"

There was a long silence. Finally:

"Where's Rodaine?"

"In Center City." It was Anita who spoke. "He's getting ready to run away and leave you two to stand the brunt of all this trouble."

Again a silence. And again Harry's voice:

"Tell it. Wasn't you the man?"

Once more a long wait. Finally:

"What do I get for it?"

Fairchild moved to the man's side. "My promise and my partner's promise that if you tell the whole truth, we'll do what we can to get you leniency. So tell the truth; weren't you the man who held up the Old Times dance?"

Taylor Bill's breath traveled slowly past his bruised lips.

"Rodaine gave me a hundred dollars to pull it," came finally.

"And you stole the horse and everything—"

"And cached the stuff by the Blue Poppy, so I'd get the blame?" Harry wagged his mustache fiercely. "Tell it or I'll pound your head into a jelly!"

"That's about the size of it."

But Fairchild was fishing in his pockets for pencil and paper, finally to bring them forth.

"Not that we doubt your sincerity, Bill," he said sarcastically, "but I think things would be a bit easier if you'd just write it out. Let him up, Harry."

The big Cornishman obeyed grudgingly. "Make him sit down, Bill—tell just 'ow you did it!"

And Taylor Bill, bloody, eyes black, lips bruised, obeyed. Fairchild took the bescrubbed paper and wrote his name as a witness, then handed it to Harry and Anita for their signatures.

At last, he placed it in his pocket and faced the dour high-jacker.

"What else do you know, Bill?"

"About what? Rodaine! Nothing—except that we were in cahoots on this cross-cut. There isn't any underground 'it—there had come to the surface the inherent honor that is in every metal miner, a stalwartness that may be dormant, but that, sooner or later, must rise. There is something about taking wealth from the earth that is clean. There is something about it which seems honest in its very nature, something that builds big men in stature and in ruggedness,

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and it builds an humor which fights against any attempt to thwart it. Taylor Bill was finding that humor now. He seemed to straighten. His teeth bit at his swollen, bruised lips. He turned and faced the three persons before him.

"Take me down to the sheriff's office," he commanded. "I'll tell everything. I don't know so awful much—"



"That's Maurice! I Got a Glimpse of His Face!"

because I ain't tried to learn anything more than I could help. But I'll give up everything I've got."

"And how about him?" Fairchild pointed to Blindeye, just regarding consciousness. Taylor Bill nodded.

"He'll tell—he'll have to."

They trusted the big miner then, and dragging Bozeman to his feet, started out of the cross-cut with them, Harry's carbide pointing the way through the blind door and into the main tunnel. Then they halted to bundle themselves tighter against the cold blast that was coming from without. On—to the mouth of the mine. Then they stopped—short.

A figure showed in the darkness, on horseback. An electric flashlight suddenly flared against the gleam of the carbide. An exclamation, an excited command to the horse, and the rider wheeled, rushing down the mountain side, urging his mount to dangerous leaps, sending him plunging through drifts where a misstep might mean death, feeling for the main road again. Anita Richmond screamed:

"That's Maurice! I got a glimpse of his face! He's gotten away—go after him somebody—go after him!"

But it was useless. The horseman had made the road and was speeding down it. Rushing ahead of the others, Fairchild gained a point of vantage where he could watch the fading black smudge of the horse and rider as it went on and on along the rocky road, finally to reach the main thoroughfare and turn swiftly. Then he went back to join the others.

"He's taken the Center City road!" came his announcement. "Is there a turn-off on it anywhere?"

"No." Anita gave the answer. "It goes straight through—but he'll have a hard time making it there in this blizzard. If we only had horses!"

"They wouldn't do us much good now! Climb on my back. You can handle these two men alone?" This to his partner. The Cornishman grunted.

"Yes. They won't start anything. Why?"

"I'm going to take Miss Richmond and hurry ahead to the sheriff's office. He might not believe me. But he'll take her word—and that'll be sufficient until you get there with the prisoners. I've got to persuade him to telephone to Center City and head off the Rodaine!"

(To be continued)

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MADE NO SORT OF A HIT

Good Wife Failed Altogether to Appreciate Whatever Point There Was in Hubby's Story.

At a certain family dinner party on the North side the son of the house provided some good-natured raillery at his young wife's expense.

While attending a recent club luncheon, he had heard what he considered a "prize" story, and that same evening joyfully repeated it at his own dinner table. The story runs something like this:

Two old dukes stopped to look at a circus billboard, one of them reading aloud that this circus was "the biggest and best on earth," while the other declared that its claim was "the biggest and best on earth 'cept one,'" and clinched his argument by pointing to the words "Sept. 1," printed at the bottom of the poster. (How ever, in telling the story all mention of the date is purposely omitted, as the listener's own ingenuity is supposed to fathom the meaning of the phrase, "cept one.")

But the little story seemed to have fallen quite flat, as the wife sat and regarded him in stony silence.

"Don't quite get it, do you?" queried the young husband.

"Sure I get it, but I can see nothing very funny in saughty stories, myself," was the exceedingly dignified answer.

"Naughty stories," exclaimed the astonished husband. "Just how do you make that out?"

"Why," "cept one" means September Morn, of course," was the triumphant, if somewhat indignant, reply.—Indianapolis News.

SEEKING SECRETS OF PLANTS

Experiments Going On to Determine How Nitrogen Is Assimilated From the Atmosphere.

There is reason to hope that the world may be greatly enriched through the results of observations and experiments to determine just how certain plants manage to assimilate nitrogen from the atmosphere. It has been discovered that such plants as peas, beans and clovers have their roots invaded by myriads of minute organisms which may be either bacteria or parasitic fungi.

These organisms in some unknown way induce the plants to increased activity so that they are able to assimilate free nitrogen from the atmosphere and thereby to supply, through their own subsequent decay, an abundance of nitrates, nitrites, ammonias and other nitrogenous substances to the soil.

Efforts have been made to determine whether some other stimulus besides that furnished by the organisms referred to may not be supplied to plants which will enable them still more effectively to assimilate nitrogen from the air for the ultimate enrichment of the soil.—Washington Star.

A very Brooklyn miss attended church with her aunt and she did not fail to bow her head in prayer. When the service was over her aunt asked her: "What did you pray for, darling?" "Oh, I was asking that church might soon be over," was the unexpected reply.—Boston Transcript.

City of Many Languages.

It is asserted that there are in Constantinople representatives of every nation and every tribe upon the globe, and that every language is spoken. It is common to see signs written in eight or nine different languages on the fronts of the retail shops.

Cork Trees.

The cork oak grows plentifully in Spain, and the peasants make use of the bark to light their houses at night. The bark is placed in a kettle, from which protrudes a spout, and when it is hot enough it gives off a gas which burns with considerable brilliancy.

Variations in Weight.

The normal variations in weight may be greatly affected in different ways. Some men lose six pounds or seven pounds during a Turkish bath, while others gain nearly as much in an equally short time by deep drinking.

Odd Custom in Denmark.

It is the custom for engaged girls in Denmark to wear a plain gold ring on the third finger of the left hand. When they get married the ring is moved to the third finger of the right hand.

Refreshing Ignorance.

Mrs. Kewler—"I can't do without my nuttall coffee." Mrs. Newrich—"Is that a good brand? We've tried so many that are poor."—Boston Transcript.

Flowers for Luck.

In Switzerland when the cows are driven to the mountain pastures for the summer, the leader, which wears a bell, has her neck garlanded with flowers for luck.

Fond of Flowers.

Swedish women of all classes are particularly fond of flowers, and in proportion to its size and population Stockholm contains more flower shops than any other European city.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Established 1818
The Mercury.
PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
Office Telephone 151
House Telephone 151

Saturday, September 9, 1922

MORE THIEF NEEDED

There are but 9 savings bank deposits in the United States to every 1000 population, while in England there are 302, in France 346, and in Switzerland there are 651.

It is not surprising on this showing that many of our people have difficulties in life. A considerable part of these folks, of course, have saved some money, but have put it into the Rich Quick stocks. They would have done just as well to spend it, as then they would have something to show for their cash. The country can not be thoroughly prosperous unless the saving habit becomes pretty nearly universal.

HOW THE INDUSTRIAL TROUBLES STARTED

The country has been plagued this summer by two great industrial troubles, and the politicians of course will try to make these disturbances work to their advantage. The country should study carefully how these differences first started.

The origin of the present disastrous labor troubles goes back to the war, when extremely high wages were paid in shipyards and other war work plants. The government poured out money in its lavish payrolls, often without much regard as to whether the men did a good day's work or not. The effect was to create dissatisfaction among workmen everywhere. They saw no reason why they should not get equal pay, and strikes spread all over the country. As the work had to go on at any cost, most of the strikes were successful, and the cost of production was enormously increased.

The frequent strikes led to scarcities of merchandise, and this made it possible for profiteers to get enormous prices. The whole business of the country was thrown into confusion. By and by the inevitable slump came. Prices had got up so high that the farm population could not buy, and hence a great wave of unemployment occurred. Now in the effort to get prices down to a normal point, labor costs have had to take some deflation. The country is torn with class warfare resulting from disputes as to whether labor has been deflated too fast.

This trouble largely resulted from the original payment by the government of fancy wages on war work. The Democratic administration should have drafted the men it needed for those plants and paid them the same rate of wages that workers in other occupations were getting. If that had been done, a great deal of industrial disturbance would have been saved, and prices would never have reached the peak they did in 1920, the descent from which causes so much trouble now.

STREET ACCIDENTS

A campaign to reduce the tremendous number of street accidents is being promoted by the Safety Institute of America. The problem of street traffic grows worse every year as automobiles increase and more reckless drivers are on the road.

The use of the streets for all kinds of traffic always constituted a problem. Even in our grandfathers' time "hefty wagons" were running over pedestrians at city crossings. Old Dobbin was bolting when he saw a flying piece of paper, and terrible injuries sometimes resulted. But automobiles have created conditions that the old timers never dreamed of, and have made accidents so common that they almost cease to attract notice.

The typical haste of American life is the chief cause of these mishaps. Our impatient people can't learn to wait. Instead of resting philosophically at the street corners until other cars get by, drivers must plunge in and take the risk of collision. They would rather run the chance of running over some child than let up on their speed on going through towns.

Safety lectures in schools, more rigid enforcement of the automobile laws, etc., such efforts help a good deal. They can probably cut down the number of accidents from one-half to two-thirds in any city where they are used effectively. But they do not remove the fundamental trouble. And that is our general spirit of hurry and lack of calm.

It only takes a minute for a driver or a pedestrian to wait until conditions are right and then proceed. People who go on that principle rarely get into trouble. One good way to reduce accidents, is to let people know what bugs they make of themselves when they try to rush in ahead of others in street traffic. The man who can be persuaded to be calm and patient can perhaps be induced to show mercy, if shown that his pushing and aggressive ways make him an object of aversion in the community.

THE GLORIOUS BATTLE OF ERIE

An Ever to be Remembered Victory by a Newport Hero on the Great Lakes

109th Anniversary Tomorrow

Tomorrow, September 10, is the one hundred and ninth anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie, an event in the history of this country which should be deeply impressed on the mind of every youth in the nation, and more especially on every youth in Rhode Island. The fame of the hero of this important event, true to the prediction of Washington Irving, the chosen organ of his country, is ever increasing, and will increase as long as time shall last. In the language of Bancroft, the historian, "Rhode Island cherishes his glory as her own," and rightly so, too, for not only Perry, the master mind that accomplished this great and important event, was from Rhode Island and a Newporter, but four of the nine commanders and five other officers in the fleet were from this city, as well as one hundred and fifty of the men in the engagement. Most of the guns were under the command of Newporters. Dr. Usher Parsons, the acting surgeon-in-chief, and, owing to the illness of two other doctors, the only surgeon on duty in that terrible contest, says "there has never been an expedition set on foot in this country where so large a portion of the officers hailed from one state, or accomplished so much work, as was done by Rhode Islanders on Lake Erie."

The story of this great and successful battle, fought under the most adverse conditions, has been often told; but it is an event in the country's history that cannot be told too often. By the indomitable courage and skill of one man, victory was won from defeat, an entire hostile fleet captured, and half a nation, which had been ignominiously surrendered by Hull, restored to its rightful owners. Says Bancroft, and we quote again: "The mastery of the lakes, the recovery of Detroit and the far West, the capture of the British army in the peninsula of upper Canada, were the immediate fruits of his success. The imaginations of the American people were taken captive by the singular incidents of a battle in which everything seemed to have flowed from the personal prowess of one man."

It is not our purpose to go into the history of that ever memorable event in this issue, we have published it many times heretofore. Some incidents pertaining to it and some of the men under Perry are worthy of notice. The three leading officers under Perry, omitting Capt. Elliott who proved traitor to his superior, were Captains Stephen Champlin and William Vigneron Taylor, both from Newport, though Champlin was a native of South Kingstown, and Dr. Usher Parsons, of Providence. Champlin and Parsons were the two last surviving officers of Perry's fleet. Dr. Parsons died in Providence Dec. 19, 1868, and Champlin in Buffalo on Feb. 20, 1870. Capt. Taylor died in Newport Feb. 11, 1888.

Christopher Champlin

Champlin was an own cousin of Perry, and in the Battle of Erie he commanded the Scorpion, one of the smaller boats of the fleet. When he was five years old his parents removed from South Kingstown to Lebanon, Ct., where he was employed on his father's farm. At the age of sixteen he ran away from home to become a sailor, and at twenty-two was captain of a fine brig in the West India trade. He was appointed sailing master in the U. S. Navy May 22, 1812, and placed in command of a gunboat under Com. Perry at Newport. On July 18, 1813, he was ordered to take charge of seventy-four officers and men and report to Com. Perry at Erie, going by way of Lakes Ontario and Erie, and marching across the country from Niagara to Buffalo. He made the entire distance using only setting poles and oars for propulsion, in five days. He was ordered to take command of the Scorpion, and was in command of that vessel in the Battle of Erie. He was at that time under 24 years of age. The Scorpion fired the first shot on the American side, and was fought with great bravery, keeping its place near the Lawrence throughout the engagement. At 10 o'clock in the evening Capt. Champlin captured the Little Belt, which attempted to escape, and by so doing fired the last shot in the battle.

Champlin remained in the service many years. He was severely wounded at Mackinac, in 1814, and was crippled for life. The shot passed through the fleshy part of the right thigh and embedded itself in the left thigh, shattering the bone and remaining lodged in the limb for eighteen days. He was taken prisoner and carried to Mackinac, where he lay suffering thirty-eight days, when he was paroled and sent to Erie. He suffered from his wounds the rest of his life, although he lived for many years after, and saw much active service. He was promoted to Commander in 1838, made Captain in 1850, and raised to the rank of Commodore July 16, 1862. He died in Buffalo at the age of 81, the last surviving officer of Perry's fleet.

William V. Taylor

William Vigneron Taylor was born in Newport in 1781, and died here Feb. 11, 1888. He went to sea before the mast, became a captain in the merchant marine, and entered the navy as sailing master April 25, 1813. He was attached to Perry's flagship, the Lawrence; was severely wounded in the Battle of Erie, and received a vote of thanks from Congress and a sword. He was in active service in the Mediterranean and in many other places; he was in command of the frigate Hudson on the Brazil station in 1820-30. After serving on many other stations he was promoted to Captain in 1841, and commanded the Pacific squadron in the Ohio in 1847-48. After this he was on leave at Newport till his death. His son, Admiral William Rogers Taylor, was a distinguished naval officer and did valiant service both in the Mexican war and afterwards in the Civil War. He will be well remembered by many of our elder citizens. He was born in this city November 4, 1811, and died here April 14, 1889.

Dr. Usher Parsons

Dr. Usher Parsons, Perry's fleet surgeon at the battle of Erie, was long a prominent physician of Providence, where he died Dec. 19, 1868. For his faithful services in caring for the

wounded on that memorable 10th of September, he received the thanks of Congress. After ten years' service in the navy he resigned and practiced his profession in Providence with great success. He received honorary degrees from Harvard, Dartmouth and Brown Universities.

News of the Victory: How Received

News travelled slowly in those days. There was no telephone, no telegraph, and no cars to carry a message. The full information did not reach Newport till about the first of October, some twenty days after the event. The Mercury of September 26 says, "We have no intelligence from the West since our last paper. It is, however, rumored that Com. Perry has driven the British fleet under Com. Barclay into the Detroit river. An officer at Pittsburgh says Com. Perry has taken six British vessels. We hope the report is true."

When the news of the victory did reach Newport the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. All were anxious for the return of Perry, but he was detained on the lake by pressing duties, and it was not till November that he reached Newport. On his way from Erie he was everywhere received with demonstrations of respect and love, the people seeking every opportunity to honor one who had accomplished so much with so slender means; schools were dismissed, towns were illuminated, and crowds thronged the route. Before he had left the scene of the battle public notice was taken in different places of his distinguished services. All parts of the nation seemed to vie with another in doing honor to the nation's hero. Swords, gold and silver vases, services of silver, comprising fifty and more pieces, with many other awards of honor, were presented him from nearly every city in the land. Probably in the history of the world there was never a more popular hero than Perry. But he bore all his honors with the greatest modesty.

Perry's Despatch to Gen. Harrison

The Mercury of Oct. 2, 1813, commenting on Perry's despatch to General Harrison: "We have met the enemy and they are ours," says "The following letter from Com. Perry to Gen. Harrison is more laconic than any of Bonaparte's despatches, and resembles the veni, vici of Caesar more than anything we have ever before seen. It is a perfect model of the miltum in parvo."

Story of the Battle for Ohio Children

A little pamphlet published some years ago in Athens, Ohio, called "The Story of Ohio," and written for children, contains the following: "On Lake Erie the British had six vessels. The Americans did not want them there. A young man, Oliver H. Perry, was sent to drive them off. When he got to Lake Erie he had no vessels ready. He put his men to work cutting down trees and building boats. He had to haul his guns and ammunition with wagons through the woods for several hundred miles. At last all was ready. One of Perry's ships was named the Lawrence. On this ship floated a blue flag. On the flag in white letters were the words: 'Don't give up the ship.' It was a terrible fight. The Lawrence was about to sink. Perry seizing the blue banner and the American flag, got into a small boat and rowed to another vessel. With this vessel it was not long before the British ships were so damaged that they were ready to quit."

A CAMPAIGN OF VIOLENCE

From many states and sections reports have been coming in of interference with railroad transportation. Rolling stock has been tampered with so that it should require repairs, obstructions have been placed on tracks, rails loosened, bombs thrown and many other outrages committed.

The public grows more indignant every day as it hears of the public safety being endangered in this manner and obstacles thrown in the way of transporting passengers and freight.

These occurrences look as if some group of people were organizing a systematic campaign to make transportation impossible and terrorize travellers. It has been apparent for a long time that revolutionary elements were trying to gain an influence among wage earners. These deeds look like the work of the more ignorant and brutal ones of such elements.

If the people who are committing these deeds think they will have any effect toward helping the striking railroad shopmen they are making a tremendous mistake. Every such act will make the American people more determined that such a labor dispute ought to be settled in a peaceful manner by some form of arbitration by a publicly constituted authority. Our people want justice done to wage earners, but every deed of violence alienates sympathy from the cause it intended to help.

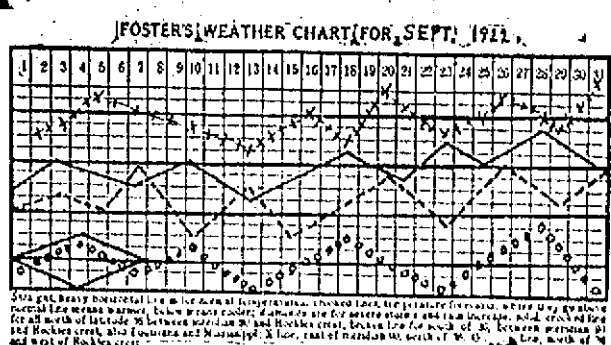
It is impossible to believe that the average American bred workman would favor such wicked acts. Unfortunately this country has a great mass of un-Americanized people who have no comprehension of our national ideals, and not all of them are foreign-born either. The men who seek to obtain their way by brute force, whether aliens or natives, must be held in check, and they will defeat any cause with which they ally themselves.

Worthy of All Honor.

A tool is but the extension of a man's hand, and a machine is but a complex tool. And he that invents a machine, augments the power and the well-being of mankind.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Other Than Material Things.

Our own experience has taught us that even in this world of reality there exists dreams and desires, thoughts and feelings of beauty, of justice, and love, that are of the noblest and loftiest.—Maeterlinck.



Washington, September 9, 1922.—No great change next thirty days in crop weather for any part of the world. No severe storms are expected during balance of September; material crop weather changes cannot be expected when no severe storms are in sight. About the same kind of weather for next thirty days may be expected as occurred the past thirty. In at least one-half of North America the kind of crops to put in for next year is of greater than usual importance, and the success or failure of crops in other countries has much to do in determining what crops shall be cultivated in North America.

Condensed forecasts.—This bulletin is for Section 4 (See my sectional map) and the condensed forecasts are in the paragraph beginning with the numeral 4. The average temperatures of the warm waves and cool waves are given separately, and they make the total average above or below normal; the latter word means the average for forty years.

Section 1: Highest temperatures Sept. 18 and 23; average about normal; lowest 21 and 25; average above; total, warmer than usual; no severe storms; less rain than the average of past three months.

Section 2: Highest temperatures 22 and 28; average above; lowest 25 and 30; average above; total average warmer than usual; moisture will continue near average of past two months; no severe storms; no hurricanes.

2: Highest temperatures 20 and 25; average above normal; lowest 23 and 27; average above; total average warmer than usual; moisture less than average of season; no severe storms.

3: Highest temperatures 18 and 21; average near normal; lowest 19 and 23; average above; total warmer than usual; a little more moisture than the average of the past month; no severe storms.

4: Lowest temperatures 16 and 25; average above normal; highest 20 and 30; average about normal; total about normal; moisture a little better than for past month; no severe storms.

5: Highest temperatures 19 and 24; average about normal; lowest 22 and 27; average about normal; total near normal; a little better moisture than for last thirty days; no severe storms.

6: Lowest temperatures 18 and 23; average normal; highest 20 and 25; average normal; total average normal; moisture near ten-year average; no severe storms.

7: Lowest temperatures 16 and 23; average above; highest 20 and 26; average above; total warmer than usual; no severe storms; no hurricanes; moisture near average of past two months.

My section map locates the eight sections mentioned above. Free to subscribers of this paper. Send stamps to Foster's Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.

The council committee on reorganization of the police department paid a visit of inspection to the New Bedford department, being accompanied by Chief of Police Tobin.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Crowley have returned to Newport to make their home, and are stopping at the New Cliffs Hotel until they secure a permanent residence.

Arrangement.

Contrast is a good thing, but we must observe the laws of harmonious contrast, and unless we have space enough to secure these, it is better to be content with unity and simplicity, which are always to be had.—Leigh Hunt.

Really Serious Horrors.

Nothing that is admittedly and unmistakably horrible matters very much, because it frightens people into seeking a remedy; the serious horrors are those which seem entirely respectable and normal to respectable and normal men.—Bernard Shaw.

First Costly Error.

If we had our life to live over again we believe we could do better in some ways, avoiding the mistake, for instance, of trying to make our wife's relatives feel at home the first time they came to visit us.—Ohio State Journal.

Jazz Records and Song Hits

A2850—\$1.00

Fi Fo Fum—One Step
Dancing Honeycomb—Fox Trot

A2879—\$1.00

Just Another Kiss—W
Ah There—Fox Trot

A2883—\$1.00

Mohammed—Fox Trot
Afghanistan—Fox Trot

A2895—\$1.00

Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot
Venetian Moon—Fox Trot

A2898—\$1.00

Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson
C-U-A—Kaufman

We ship Records all over the country.

PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE
NEWPORT, R. I.

Weekly Calendar SEPTEMBER 1922

STANDARD TIME.											
	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed
9 Sat	5 17	6 47	7 17	7 48	8 20	8 52	9 24	10 Sun	5 18	6 48	7 18
10 Sun	5 19	6 49	7 19	7 50	8 22	8 54	9 26	11 Mon	5 20	6 50	7 20
12 Tues	5 21	6 51	7 21	7 52	8 24	8 56	9 28	13 Wed	5 22	6 52	7 22
14 Thurs	5 23	6 53	7 23	7 54	8 26	8 58	9 30	15 Fri	5 24	6 54	7 24

Full moon September 6th, 2.48 morning.
Last quarter, September 14th, 5.21 morn.
New moon, September 20th, 11.19 even.
First quarter September 27th, 2.41 even.

Deaths.

In this city, 6th inst., Charlotte CHILL, widow of William H. Chill.
In this city, 6th inst., Sarah Ellen, widow of Oscar E. Peabody, in her 63rd year.
In Portsmouth 7th inst., Ralph Everett, son of Stanley H. and Alice H. Tracy, aged 25 years.
In Providence, 6th inst., Anna Victoria, wife of Henry Campbell.

Because of numerous attempts to break into garages in the night time in North Andover, Mass., John T. Campbell, at whose place such attempts have been made three times within 48 hours, has offered a reward of \$200 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the guilty party.

Samuel Hobrowicz, a first-degree murderer, who has been confined in the criminal ward of the Connecticut State Hospital at Middletown, died as the result of a fight between him and another patient, William Hahn, on Aug. 18. Hobrowicz suffered internal injuries which resulted in his bleeding to death.

A verdict of \$1,361,706 awarded John H. Sherburne, et al, receivers of E. R. Sherburne Company, Boston, against Moss & Co., Buenos Ayres, by a jury in the United States district court March 16 last in a breach of contract case has been set aside in a decision by Judge James M. Morton, Jr., who finds that as a matter of law the plaintiffs were not entitled to the verdict.

Elsie Hesebeck, 8, and George Hesebeck, 6, wards of Mrs. Emil Pfeiffer of Stamford, Conn., who would today be town charges but for the generosity of Mrs. Pfeiffer, are heirs to an estate in Germany, according to a letter received by Mayor John J. Treat, from Euseb F. W. Muller, a lawyer in Germany, inquiring about the whereabouts of their father, William Hesebeck.

The schooner yacht Sunshine, 52.9 feet in length, with a 20.2-foot beam, 34 net tons and 7.2 feet deep, left Portland for Boston where she will take on supplies for a trip around the world under sail. The Sunshine was built at Boothbay in 1901 for Dr. John Bryant of Cohasset, Mass. She is now owned by George Osgood of Boston who is preparing for the trip. The schooner carries a crew of four men.

Members of the U. S. prohibition patrol boat, Hohn, stole at least five cases of liquor from the cargo of the British schooner Mariana at Newport, Saturday evening Aug. 12, after the boat had been seized off Block Island and for several days while guarding the ship at the state police, Providence, were hilariously drunk, according to a statement made by Capt. Arthur Wentzell, skipper of the schooner.

That the United States government intends to bring to justice the person or persons responsible for the death of Major Alexander P. Cronkhite, son of Maj. Gen. Adolbert Cronkhite, at Camp Lewis, Washington, Oct. 25, 1918, was indicated at Providence when a federal subpoena was served on former United States Marshal John J. Richards to appear as a witness before the federal grand jury at Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 15.

The interstate commerce commission in a decision made public dismissed the complaints filed by commercial organizations and individuals in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island involving the class and commodity rates via ocean and rail route from Boston and Providence to points in the states of Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee and central and western Kentucky. The decision says in part: "Commodity rates from Boston and Providence are now from 3 to 6.5 cents higher per 100 pounds than from New York."

The Worcester, Mass., chapter of the Red Cross is investigating the claims of two women, one of whom lives in Worcester, each of whom says she is the mother of Harry H. Hill, former member of troop B, 6th United States cavalry. Mrs. Mary E. Hill Jenkins of 7 Hollis street, one of the claimants, says her son died 20 years ago in a cholera camp at Imus, Philippine Islands. She is nearly 70 years of age, is feeble and penniless, and has asked the local chapter to help her in obtaining a pension. Mrs. Jenkins's claims are disputed by Mrs. Dora H. Freeman of Kokomo, Ind., who says that her son, George Hart, entered the army under the name of Harry H. Hill and recently died in Kokomo.

The amazing discovery that Mrs. John Mitchell, widow of Jack Mitchell, famous war correspondent, and a social favorite in Washington, London and Petrograd, had married an illiterate farm hand by the name of Wallace Cox, was made as a result of action brought against Cox, who is locked up in Middlebury jail, charged with assaulting a neighbor with a shotgun. According to Mrs. Cox, she married the farmhand, whose home is in Granville, after a desperate struggle to provide a home for herself and four children. Her life with Cox, formerly a laborer on Jack Mitchell's country home in Virginia, became a horror, and his being in jail, she says is like a merciful act of God, for she thinks perhaps it saved her from doing some terrible thing.

Five fishing schooners are seeking the honor of representing Yankee fishermen in the race for the international fisherman's trophy late in October. The elimination races will be sailed Oct. 12, 13 and 14 off Eastern Point. The vessels which will fight it out for the responsibility of trying to regain the trophy won last year by the Halifax fisherman Bluenose are expected to be Mayflower, Elizabeth Howard Yankee, Henry Ford and L. A. Danton.

Italians Are Exploiting India. The Italians are looking to India for a possible field of trade expansion. There have been recently established in that country six scholarships open for young men of good commercial preparation to be sent for a year's experience on the staff of business firms already established in India.

MARGARET CAMPBELL

American Girl Held Up
Traffic In London

Staid London folk stopped and stared. Bobbies held up the traffic. Pleadingly scathed. And the cause of it all was Miss Margaret Campbell of Atlantic City. She wears a golfing suit, has bobbed hair and wears horn spectacles.

ALLIES IN ACCORD
ON GERMAN RELIEF

Reparations Board Unanimously
Accepts Belgian Compromise
on Moratorium Plan.

Paris.—The Reparations Commission unanimously accepted the Belgian compromise on the German moratorium proposition.

M. Dubois, the French member of the commission, voted with his colleagues after a long interview between sessions with Premier Poincaré.

The commission rejected the motion of Sir John Bradbury, of England, for a moratorium without further guarantees. England alone voted for the motion. France and Belgium voted against it, and Italy abstained from voting.

The commission accepted the last minute proposals of the German Government, providing for deliveries of coal and wood in 1922-23 under contracts for delivery to be made under an arrangement between the German Government and leading industrialists, including Hugo Stinnes.

The solution thus arrived at, although not technically a moratorium, has the same effect as a moratorium, in that Germany is relieved of cash payments for the remainder of 1922, with the provision that the payments due in 1923 will be discussed and decided later in the year.

The commissioners were prepared to make further efforts for an agreement, and even the American observer with the commission, Colonel James A. Logan, Jr., was contributing toward the movement, according to L'Ouvre.

WORLD'S NEWS IN
CONDENSED FORM

PARIS.—President Poincaré plans world conference this fall to solve interlocked war debt problems.

QUEBEC.—Two children were born to patients of La Mesericorde Maternity Hospital during the progress of a fire, in which the interior of the building was destroyed and the inmates had to be hurriedly removed.

MARION, Ill.—The grand jury investigating the Herrin massacre, in which twenty-two persons were killed, also is making a thorough inquiry into the responsibility for the apparent failure to call troops in time to prevent the slayings.

PHILADELPHIA.—An agreement to end the protracted anthracite suspension in the immediate future was reached by the operators and miners. The men will return to work on the basis of the old wage agreement, to extend until August 31, 1923.

BERLIN.—Reports from Munich indicate that it is feared in various quarters that the extreme monarchists may attempt a coup d'état.

BERLIN.—The former German kaiser is engaged to be married to Princess Hermine of Reuss. It has been learned from a very authoritative source.

DUBLIN.—The streets of the Irish capital echoed with rifle and machine gun fire while the irregulars joined some of the locals and attacked several buildings and fired the barracks in Rathfarnham.

BUENOS AIRES.—The ramming and sinking of the Argentine ship Azor by the Munson liner American Legion is attributed to the congested condition of the harbor.

BERLIN.—One woman was killed and several injured when wires of workers at Elberswald smelter stores exploded. Similar explosions are daily occurring.

Maj.-Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, commander of the Boston army corps area, has decided to retire before Jan. 1, 1923, when he reaches the age of compulsory retirement. He has a record of about 43 years' continuous service as a commissioned army officer, much of which was spent on line duty.

JUSTICE CLARKE
QUITS BENCH

Ohio Democrat Sends Resignation to Harding—Sutherland to Succeed Him.

WILL AID "PUBLIC CAUSES"

To Urge League on U. S.—He Asserts American Interests Demand We Join with Europe—Close Adviser of the President Will Fill Vacancy.

Washington.—George H. Sutherland, former senator from Utah, will succeed John Hessin Clarke, of Ohio, whose resignation as associate justice of the United States Supreme Court was announced at the White House, to become effective September 15. The selection of ex-Senator Sutherland also was indicated officially.

Although not officially announced, it is reported that one of the chief reasons for Justice Clarke's retirement is his desire to give his time to the cause of the League of Nations.

News of the resignation, which was given out by President Harding himself, caused general surprise. While there have been rumors of it for the last few days, they have not been generally believed. The selection of former Senator Sutherland in his place did not cause surprise, for the reason that it has long been the understanding of the President would elevate him to the Supreme bench at the earliest opportunity.

Associate Justice Clarke is a Democrat, and was appointed by President Wilson in 1916 to succeed Charles E. Hughes, when he resigned to run for the Presidency. By his resignation two Democrats are left in the Supreme Court. They are Associate Justices Brandeis and McReynolds.

Former Senator Sutherland is a Republican of moderately conservative type. He was an adviser of Mr. Harding in the 1920 campaign and has been close to him since his election. The selection of Mr. Sutherland gave much satisfaction to his former colleagues in the senate, a number of whom expressed approval of the appointment.

As a former member of the senate, it is the understanding that the new associate justice will be confirmed in open session of that body, without reference to a committee. This is a courtesy which is generally shown to a senator or former senator when given a Federal appointment.

"I do not know how a better selection could have been made," said Senator Smoot. By age, temperament and training, Senator Sutherland is eminently qualified for the high office for which he has been chosen.

"It is a splendid appointment," said Senator McCumber, chairman of the Finance Committee.

"A most admirable appointment," said Senator Cummins, a leading member of the Judiciary Committee.

"The appointment is an excellent one," said Senator McCall, of Illinois, chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee.

While in the senate Senator Sutherland earned the reputation of being one of its ablest lawyers. He is a man whom his colleagues regarded as of high intellectual capacity.

While there was much approval expressed of the choice of Mr. Sutherland, on the other hand there was much disappointment among a number of the more progressive members of congress with leanings toward radicalism.

Much speculation is indulged here as to the full inwardness of Justice Clarke's retirement.

Justice Clarke's letter to the President follows:

"I shall be sixty-five years old on the 18th day of this month. For a long time I have promised what I think is my better self that at that age I would free myself as much as possible from imperative duties to the end that I may have time to read many books which I have not had time to read in a busy life; to travel; and to serve my neighbors and some public causes in ways in which I cannot serve them while holding important public office.

"As a beginning of what I hope may at least be a partial realization of this philosophy of my later life, I hereby resign, as of September 15, 1922, the office of associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which I have held during the past six years."

TWO GENERALS RETIRED

Will Make Possible Retention of Lower Grade Occupants.

Washington.—Major General Francis J. Kernan, commanding the Seventh Corps area, with headquarters at Omaha, and George R. Bell, Jr., commanding the Sixth Corps area, headquarters at Chicago, were ordered retired from active service in the army. Major General Clarence Edwards, commanding the First Corps area, at Boston, also has applied for retirement.

U. S. INQUIRY TO RUSSIA

Asks Regarding Reception of Expert Technical Commission.

Washington.—It was explained at the state department that the American ambassador at Berlin had made inquiries with regard to the attitude of the Soviet authorities should this government consider sending to Russia in the future an expert technical commission to study and report on the economic situation there. The United States and Soviet Russia are rapidly approaching an understanding.

Saying that women are badly needed in the Rhode Island state Legislature and that Barrington itself needs a change in its representation in the general assembly, Mrs. Sara M. Algeo, a former teacher in Boston schools, in a letter to the Republican town committee of Barrington, announce her candidacy for the senatorship from that town.

E. F. GRABLE

Strong in Labor Union
Movement In U. S.

E. F. Grable is president of the Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees.

SENATE ADOPTS
BONUS MEASURE

Four Billion Dollar Compensation
Bill for Soldiers Passed With-
out Regard to Party.

Washington.—The \$4,000,000,000 soldiers' bonus bill was passed by the senate, and now goes to conference. The vote was 47 to 22, with party lines wiped out. The roll call follows:

For the bonus: Republicans—Brandegee, Bursum, Cameron, Capper, Colt, Cummins, Curtis, Gooding, Hale, Jones of Washington, Kellogg, LaFollette, Leffort, Lodge, McCormick, McCumber, McLean, McNary, Nicholson, Odell, Rawson, Shortridge, Standfield, Sutherland, Townsend, Watson of Indiana, and Willis—27.

Democrats—Ashurst, Broussard, Culbertson, Fletcher, Gerry, Healin, Hitchcock, Kendrick, McKellar, Pittman, Pomeroy, Ransdell, Reed of Missouri, Robinson, Sheppard, Simmons, Smith, Trammell, Walsh of Massachusetts, and Walsh of Montana—20. Total 47.

Against the bonus: Republicans—Ball, Borah, Calder, Dillingham, Edge, France, Frelinghuysen, Keyes, Nelson, New, Phillips, Reed of Pennsylvania, Smoot, Sterling and Wadsworth—15.

Democrats—Dial, Glass, Myers, Shields, Swanson, Underwood and Williams—7. Total 22.

Three senators were present and unable to vote because of pairs, and twenty-four senators, sixteen Republicans and eight Democrats were absent. Pairs were announced as follows:

Harrell for, Dupont against.
Stanley for, Ernst against.
Jones of New Mexico for, Fernald against.

Harris for, Page against.
Spencer for, Newberry against. (Newberry present and not voting.)

Overman for, Warren against. (Warren present and not voting.)
Johnson for, Watson of Georgia against. (Watson present and not voting.)

LATEST EVENTS
AT WASHINGTON

Wheat acreage of the southwest will about equal that of 1921.

Substitution of the senate anti-profiteering coal bill for the measure passed by the house was proposed in the senate by Chairman Cummins, of the Interstate Commerce Committee, who explained that the house bill undertook to regulate interstate movement of coal, which he considered outside the jurisdiction of the Federal Government.

The transportation act, known as the Esch-Cummins law, will probably be changed and modified at the December session of Congress.

Secretary of Labor Davis says in Labor Day statement that menace of unemployment has almost been conquered.

Assistant Secretary of Navy Roosevelt announces saving of fuel for navy by employment of Diesel engine-driven electric generators on many ships.

President Harding feels railroad injunction will succeed in keeping trains moving and will prevent triumph of violence. Shipmen returning to their jobs. Rail unions reported to be threatening violence in protest against injunction.

President Harding believes the time is approaching when the United States will co-operate fully with the nations of Europe in a program for the economic rehabilitation of the world. Opposition to coal anti-profiteering legislation grows in the senate.

Anti-strike legislation will be pressed at the December session of Congress in the belief that the coal distribution and price control bill which has passed the house and will be passed by the senate is not sufficiently far-reaching.

Americans are planning financial aid for Austria.

Cornelius Keefe, Boston hotel proprietor, is not entitled to the return of liquor valued at \$250,000, seized in a raid by prohibition agents, several months ago, according to a report made by the United States district court by Arthur D. Hill appointed master to hear the case.

DRASTIC U. S.
RAIL INJUNCTION

Judge Wilkerson Acts on Plea of
Attorney General Daugherty in
Federal Court at Chicago

MOVE IS A BIG SURPRISE

Attorney General Says Time Comes to
Decide If We Have a Government—
Hints More Drastic Step. Shop
Crafts Pledge No Violence.

Washington.—A general strike of organized labor all over the country, as a protest against the Federal rail strike injunction obtained at Chicago, will be considered by the executive council of the American Federation of Labor here, President Samuel Gompers announced.

Chicago.—The United States government caused a startling surprise in the railroad strike when, without warning and to the consternation of the union leaders, Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty appeared personally before Federal Judge James H. Wilkerson in the United States District Court and, after presenting a vigorous arraignment of the unions' conduct, obtained a temporary injunction, one of the most sweeping and drastic ever issued in this country.

The injunction restrains the striking shopmen and all the officers and members of their unions and affiliated organizations in the American Federation of Labor from interfering in any way with the operation of the railroads of the nation.

There is no concealment of the fact that by means of this temporary injunction, returnable in court on September 11, the United States government not only hopes but expects to break the strike of the 300,000 shopmen who walked out July 1 as a protest against wages and working conditions prescribed by the United States Railroad Labor Board. The injunction, as issued, in effect restrains the Federal Shop Crafts from continuing their strike and is intended, according to government officials, to keep the railroads operating and free from interference or obstruction of any kind.

The leaders of the striking shopmen and of other unions are prohibited, by the Federal injunction issued here, from any of the following named acts:

Issuing of any instruction or public statement to members of their organizations to induce them to do or say anything to cause any railway employee to leave his work or to cause any person to abstain from entering the employ of a railroad.

Using the funds of the unions in furtherance of any act forbidden in the injunction.

All officers and members of unions or their agents are restrained from:

Engaging in picketing.
In any manner by letters, circulars, telegrams, telephone messages, by word of mouth or interviews in newspapers encouraging any person to leave the employ of a railroad or to refrain from entering such employ.

Interfering with or obstructing any railway.

Hampering the inspection, repair or equipment of locomotives or cars.

Conspiring or agreeing to hinder railroads in the transportation of passengers, property and the mails.

Interfering with employees going to or returning from work, by displays of force or numbers, threats, intimidation, acts of violence, opprobrious epithets, jeers, taunts or entreaties.
Loitering at or near places of ingress and egress for employees.

Trespassing on the premises of any railroad near where employees are at work on repairs to equipment, or any other place except "where the public generally are invited to come to transact business."

Doing any injury or bodily harm to any employee of a railroad, whether at work or going to his home.
Obstructing the operation of trains in any manner, directly or indirectly.

Those leaders of the shop crafts who happened to be in Chicago when they learned of the court proceedings, declared that the order would have no effect upon the conduct of the strike.

M. M. Spring of Portland Me., who planned to make a record automobile run of 160 hours from Portland, Ore., failed by 19 hours. After he arrived Police Inspector W. W. Wallace broke the seal on the hood of the car which showed Mr. Spring left the Oregon city Aug. 18 at 8 A. M.

Cuticura Quickly Soothes
Rashes and Irritations

Hot baths with Cuticura Soap, followed by light applications of Cuticura Ointment, afford immediate relief in most cases of rashes, irritations, eczema, etc. Cuticura Talcum is also excellent for the skin.
Each Box Talcum \$1.00, Ointment 50c, Soap 25c. Cuticura Soap 25c. Cuticura Ointment 50c. Cuticura Talcum 1.00.

Savings Bank of Newport, Newport, R. I.

At the annual meeting of the corporation of the Savings Bank of Newport, R. I., held Friday, July 14, 1922, the following trustees were elected:

Wm. H. Hammett	Wm. P. Carr	Grant P. Taylor
Anthony Stewart	Wm. A. Sherman	Henry C. Stevens, Jr.
Peter King	Wm. W. Covell	T. T. Pittman
Wm. P. Buffum	Bradford Norman	Edward A. Sherman
	Wm. P. Sheffield, Jr.	

Wm. H. Hammett was elected President, W. A. Sherman, Vice President and W. P. Carr, Clerk.

At a meeting of the Trustees held immediately after the corporation meeting, the following officers were elected: Grant P. Taylor, Treasurer, Harry G. Wilks, Assistant Treasurer, and Abner L. Slocum, G. Harry Draper, Gertrude Hummel, Anna R. Hummel and Hazel S. Bailey, Clerks.

Wm. H. Hammett, W. P. Carr, W. A. Sherman, Bradford Norman and Anthony Stewart were elected the Standing Committee for the ensuing year.

W. P. Buffum and W. W. Covell were elected the Auditing Committee for the ensuing year.

Wm. P. CARR, Clerk.

DON'T BE TEMPTED BY BIG PROMISES

Promises of big dividends are often alluring to the inexperienced investor. Do not be blindfolded against the risk. Investigate carefully. Demand security. Your account is invited.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST
COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE OF THE FINEST

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods are Fresh Absolutely

PARAGRAPHS FOR
THE NEW ENGLANDER

News of General Interest
From the Six States

While in Auburn, Me., preparing for his wedding to Miss Avis Gertrude Smith, Theodore Roosevelt Cadwell of Philadelphia located his brother Richard, whom he had not seen for 18 years.

The detachment of cavalry in the Pawtuxet valley, R. I., strike area will continue on guard duty there, it was decided at a conference between Gov. San Souci and Adj.-Gen. Abbot.

Unveiling a bronze tablet mounted on a large boulder of native stone on the site of the old fort on Butts hill, Portsmouth, the Rhode Island Daughters of the American Revolution, Aug. 29, marked the 144th anniversary of the famous "Battle of Rhode Island."

On complaint of an older sister that she stole a jar of mince meat valued at \$1, Miss Margaret Geary, 21, a telephone operator, was arrested and kept in jail a week, when she was arraigned in South Boston court and was sentenced by Judge Day to three months in the house of correction. She appealed and, lacking bail, was sent to Charles street jail.

Irrving Davis, 18, of Haverhill, who attempted to kill himself by cutting his throat Aug. 18, after being arrested by police inspectors charged with larceny of \$500 worth of jewelry, and who has since been recovering at the Gale Hospital under police guard, has made three more efforts directed toward suicide while at the hospital, according to the police.

Fuel Director Andrew P. Lane of Maine returned from a trip to Washington, where he held conference with Federal Fuel Distributor Henry B. Spencer, Charles E. Spaulding and general superintendent of Norfolk & Western railroad, coal operators and officials. Mr. Lane said that he was very well satisfied with his trip and he feels confident that Maine will get its share of coal.

Preparations have begun to tender a reception to Donald H. MacMillan and the six members of his successful Baffinland expedition upon their return to Wiscasset, Me., about Sept. 12 from the Arctic regions. The party was given a rousing send-off when the schooner Bowdoin left here in July, 1921, and at their time the explorer promised to come to Wiscasset upon his return.

For the first time in Androscoggin county, Me., and what is believed to be the first instance of its kind in New England, a man and his wife have been drawn to serve on the same jury. Louis Therrien and Mrs. Alice Therrien of Lewiston are the distinguished couple, both names having been drawn simultaneously from the jury box by Alderman Pinaud, to serve at the October term of grand jury in that county.

Because he seized a bottle and smashed it on the pavements, when he thought his friend was to take a drink of the contents which he feared was wood alcohol, Joseph Cote, a patient at Hebron sanitarium, was arrested charged with violation of the motor vehicle laws. When arraigned in court, Cote's story so impressed the judge that sentence was suspended and he was placed on probation for three months.

TO TEST WET SENTIMENT

Only Court Action Can Prevent Vote at Election.

Springfield, Ill.—A proposal for a public policy vote on wine and beer will go on the November ballot unless the courts intervene. Secretary of State Louis L. Emmerson announced after receiving from a delegation of "wet" hostlers the petition bearing 550,000 names sent from Chicago. The petition arrived in a motor truck and was followed shortly afterward by a delegation of Chicago "wets."

U. S. MAY AID EUROPE

President Harding Ready to Confer Over Relief as Allies Agree.

Washington.—Active participation in the settlement of Europe's financial and economic problems by the United States whenever European statesmen agree that such aid will be effective was pronounced at the White House. President Harding is greatly encouraged by French acceptance of the plan of the Reparations Commission to suspend the remaining payments Germany is scheduled to make in 1922.

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

A. L. PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

WHEN MR. SIMPKINS LAUGHED

Of Course He Was Henpecked, but He Made No Contribution to Train Robbers.

Simpkins was henpecked. Mrs. Simpkins "wore the trousers," spanked the children and paid the preacher. Neighbor Smith was quite another sort of person. In his domestic, Smith was lord and master, and he got away with it, too. It was a pet joke of his to refer to his friend Simpkins as "Mrs. Simpkins' husband."

A browbeaten, subdued wife invariably comes in for general sympathy, but scorn and derision is ever the unhappy lot of the poor, henpecked hubby. However, every dog hath his day, and Simpkins' came at last.

One day the two families boarded the train for an excursion together. When a few miles on their journey, the passengers were startled by the sharp command: "Hands up!" Two masked bandits stood at the rear of the coach.

"Passengers will file past us and hand over their pocketbooks," directed a gruff voice behind one of the masks. Smith's otherwise aggressive face went gray. Women fainted and little children began to cry.

When all was over Smith looked at Simpkins. Simpkins, the shrieking, blimping, the despicable, strange, to say, was as cool and calm as a diamond. He was in January. And he actually smiled.

"Heaven! What are you grinning about?" demanded Smith in a thick voice. "Ah, I've lost \$500!" "I'm out \$100 and a stamp book," said Simpkins. "You see, the wife had our roll in her stocking."—Prize Story in Judge.

FAMOUS IN IRISH HISTORY

King Roderick Sometimes Referred To as the Last of the Monarchs of the Island.

Rory O'Connor bears a name famous in Irish history. His most noted namesake was king of Ireland. When he became king of Connaught in 1156 one of his first acts was to put out the eyes of one of his brothers as a sure means of preventing him from becoming a rival. In 1160 he went to Dublin, gave the Danes, who were in possession, 4,000 cows, and was there inaugurated king of all Ireland, a ceremony which was the first Irish regal pageant of which the city was the scene. Rulers were placed over various counties and provinces, and some of these were far from popular. The people of Meath deposed their king, for which affront O'Connor received compensation of 250 cows.

Henry II of England visited Ireland in 1171, and O'Connor's territory became disputed, but after a treaty concluded at Windsor he was left to rule Connaught as before the English invasion, and was to be head under Henry of the kings and chiefs of Ireland. He was to acknowledge Henry as his liege lord and to pay him an annual tribute of hides. Fighting with Henry and with his sons continued until Roderick's death in the abbey of Con. County Galway. He is commonly spoken of as the last native king of Ireland, but this distinction belongs rather to Maelsechlainn I, as Roderick's title to rule the whole island was no better than that of Henry II—both resting on force alone.—Detroit News.

Grass in New York Streets.

It is literally true that grass is growing in scores of Manhattan's streets. The crop is especially green on streets running off Riverside drive. The practice of watering them daily by the street cleaning department keeps the grass fresh and hearty. Many of these streets are comparatively new and are paved with blocks instead of cement. The traffic is not heavy enough to wear it down.

The seed from which this crop of grass springs is spilled from the nose bars of horses drawing milk wagons and other vehicles that wait in these streets while their supplies are being distributed. The daily sprinkling helps them to sprout quickly and develop rapidly.

Word comes from Santiago de Cuba that posthumous honors were paid there in the form of a bust and a tablet to Sir Lampton Lorraine, British rear admiral, who in 1573 is credited with having averted war between the United States and Spain by threatening to shell Santiago if the Spanish authorities executed any more of the crew and passengers of the Virginia. He died while running arms and volleys to the Cubans in the Ten Years' war.

Has Important Mission.

Leon Fraser of New York, is an European rear in behalf of veterans' bureau, to make a survey of foreign beneficiaries of the United States war compensation. Also to complete arrangements for European veterans for reeducation by the United States government.

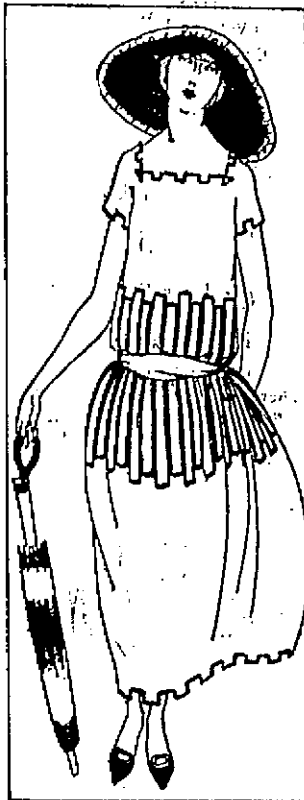
WOMEN'S GOWNS MORE ELABORATE

Late Season Costumes Provided With Laces, Fluting, Ruffings, Ribbons.

HOW THE COLORS ARE MIXED

Organdies and Volles Are Combined in Most Interesting Manner—Deep Colors Are Used Against Whites.

When the summer season started we heard a great deal about simplicity, and although we have had our share of that this season, still there has been more elaboration of the late summer costumes than usual, writes a fashion correspondent in the New York Times. This is especially true with regard to the thinner organdies and cotton crepes and volles, for they are pro-



The Frock That Is Made of Soft Crepe With Trimming of Graduated Lengths of Velvet Ribbon.

vided with laces and flutings and ruffings and drip ribbons from every conceivable point.

This is especially noticeable at the seaside resorts or in the mountains where any sort of a formal life is indulged in. There are clothes for hours of the day which permit the more knockabout things, but at any kind of function in the afternoon or evening smartly dressed women appear, who regard no law save that which relates to their own adornment. And they seem to have carried out every possible trimming idea with the utmost attention to detail.

Surely there have been artists somewhere to make these clothes, for they reflect the thought of design and dressmaking art which have gone into their making. Being mere breathers of covering as far as their fabrics are concerned, they carry much embroidery and tucking and trimming. The fact is that, although the summer frock looks so simple and plain that it might be blown away by a breath of wind, it involves a great deal of intricate handwork artfully distributed.

Colors, Charming Features.

The colors of the organdies are, perhaps, the most charming features. They have no restrictions, and because of the transparencies of the material are never garish in the least degree. They are simply blooming bits of summer shading, and by reason of the way they catch the light succeed in being about the most sparkling creations of the season. The favorite combination of the organdies or the volles is to mix one color with another, and the most exquisite things are being done in carrying to the last degree of perfection the combining of colors. Then, there is the practice of setting off a deep color against white, and this, having been done by the French, has been taken up by the American designers to the end that some of the most interesting frocks of the season have been developed along these lines.

In one type of organdie frock the organdie itself is a light blue, and, although there is a wide sash to make the upper part of the bodice as becoming as possible, there is a skirt provided with an extra fullness upon which is superimposed a series of medallions made up of embroidered or organdie interspersed with lace. This embroidery is all done by hand with the utmost care and attention. Only the French can do it, for in this country we are too hurried to give our time to anything so exquisite. These medallions in all possible shapes can be bought by the single item so that they may be inserted in the general make-up of the dress without the slightest trouble. They are already hand embroidered and for sale in some of the exclusive shops, so that if you have the least bit of ingenuity at command you will be able to incorporate them in a dress of your own. After all, the dresses are of the simplest of lines and proportions. The only thing that they demand to be in tune with the season's output is that they shall have much fullness and ample proportions.

Present Style Tendencies.

The dress embellished with square medallions of embroidered handwork

is one of those which exhibits the present style tendencies with the utmost grace and skill. It has within its limitations all of the elements of the present style. There is the full skirt; there are the hand-embroidered motifs; there is the belt wound around until it looks like a veritable rope; and there is the fichu which gives the dress the style tendency which marks it as a product of the present season.

Any one of these points would be sufficient to make one dress look smart enough to join the procession of the leaders of the season, but this one possesses all of them in a marked degree. Its color is a light blue, which has with it a mixture of green that is most alluring. Then the medallions, which are square, are made up of a mixture of cream-white flut combined with inserted bits of embroidered organdie. As for the belt, one of those which accentuates the waistline, it is made up of a twisting of a wide silver ribbon with a strand of black velvet ribbon. It is a thick twist which makes the waistline look as wide as possible and which, at the same time, provides a decorative effect. It is combined with the dress, made up of a combination of light blue and white with all the subtle bits of hand stitching and embroidery and fluting that it is possible to imagine.

There is another organdie dress with full side panels which are embroidered along their lower edges. This is made of one of those new shades of organdie which have given to yellow a place in the realm of fashion which was never accorded to it before. Now the frock is made all of yellow. The ornamentation around the throat line is done with puffings of the same yellow organdie. The side panels on the skirt are embroidered in a cream, white which manages to adapt itself with the general color scheme so that it shall be a distinct part of the whole. The underskirt is shorter than the full side panels, and as this is one of the style characteristics of the season, it is exactly in tune with the rest of the garments that are being created by the foremost designers. Around the waistline there is the simplest possible arrangement of a black velvet ribbon in a narrow width, the only touch of black about a filmy dress which, in all other respects, is of the slightest and most inconspicuous of materials. All of the rest of the gown is made of yellow and cream white. And this "one hint of black" about the waistline serves to give it that touch which is just the note to set off the whole design.

Interesting Silk Dresses.

At the smart places where society gathers in the summer there are plenty of interesting silk dresses seen for afternoon and more formal wear. One of these is made of a combination of coffee-colored crepe de chine with an applique about the waistline of black velvet ribbon cut in strips of differing lengths. About the line of the low-cut neck and sleeves there is a pattern of



Light Blue Organdie Frock Ornamented With Frills Around Fichu; Embroidery and Lace Medallions.

this black velvet ribbon which establishes the design as something that is carried out through every line of the garment.

A drooping hat is worn with the dress, which has for its top a layer of tan silk to match the dress and for the under portion a facing of black velvet. Around the edge there is a fringe of black medallions which helps to give that becoming touch to the hat which is so essential.

The silk and chiffon things which are being worn for the late summer show that tendency to circular sides which makes them distinctive. There is much fullness about these gowns and when you come to examine the way in which they are made you will find that they have inserted circular panels at the sides of the skirt which impart to them a sweeping and becoming line.

"Old-fashioned" Ruskin.

Nevertheless, though the future may prefer to read Ruskin in selections, it is not conceivable that the present affection to despise so great a writer and so fine a spirit will persist. This generation may be tired of Ruskin, but the next will return to his noblest things with a new pleasure. He had an ear, passion, exquisite sensibilities, a wonderful eye for the minutest and the grandest colored forms of nature; and he made some of the most magnificent things in English prose, passages like the lament over St. Mark's, unsurpassed descriptions of pictures, landscapes, trees, flowers.—Solomon Eagle.

JOINED TO WORLD

People of Tristan da Cunha No Longer Isolated.

Installation of Wireless Telegraphy Will End Seclusion Which They Seem to Have Enjoyed.

Tristan da Cunha is the general name for a group of three small volcanic islands belonging to Great Britain situated in the South Atlantic about 2000 miles west of the Cape of Good Hope and about 4,000 miles northeast of Cape Horn. Tristan, the largest and northernmost island, has an area of 16 square miles, is circular in form, about seven miles in diameter, and has a volcanic cone (7,840 feet), usually capped with snow, in the center. It sometimes happens that Tristan da Cunha remains six months, ten months, a year, without receiving news from any part of the world, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. The islands were discovered in 1505 by the Portuguese Admiral Tristan (or more correctly Tristao) da Cunha, after whom they are named, during a voyage to India, but it was not until the nineteenth century that the islands were permanently inhabited. One day an American named Lambert, "late of Salem, Mass., mariner and citizen thereof," landed in Tristan and declared himself sovereign and sole possessor of the group (which he renamed Islands of Refreshment).

"I have made up my mind," he wrote, "to prepare for myself and my family a home where I shall be able to live without the difficulties that have constantly troubled me, and to procure for us a property that will insure us forever the measure of living and preserve us from common misfortunes."

Jonathan Lambert had many limitations. He arrived in 1810. In 1816 the island had already counted 72 inhabitants. It counted 89 in 1850, and 100 in 1908. According to the latest news, Tristan population has increased to 180 persons, men, women and children, and a pastor included. Incidentally Lambert's sovereignty was short-lived, as he was drowned in May, 1820, while out fishing.

Tristan da Cunha has no history. It knows neither industry nor commerce, nor war. It has no neighbors who envy it. There is no government. The people manage their affairs without any laws, the project once entertained of providing them with a formal constitution being deemed unnecessary.

Nothing, or nearly nothing, would be known about the customs of these Robinsons if, in 1803, an advertisement in a London paper had not signified the sad condition of those people living even outside of religion. Thereupon an Anglican pastor, Rev. Mr. Darrow, decided to go there with his wife and a servant. It took them six months from Southampton to reach the island. They remained there three years, and Mrs. Darrow has left an excellent narrative of their visit.

In this way it was learned that those recluses, even if they did not consider themselves very happy, seemed to fear that they would be even less happy if they deserted this island. In 1908 the majority for the second time refused to desert the island, though offered allotments of land in Cape Colony.

But an incident has just occurred that will upset their life. A cable from Rio de Janeiro tells of the arrival on the island of a new pastor who brought with him a wireless apparatus. Henceforth Tristan da Cunha may know everything.

Too Busy to Get Up.

Pleasant dreams have a feeling of dissatisfaction with cold, everyday facts. The contrast between the romance of unfettered imagination and the world as it is frequently proves distressing, remarks the Portland Oregonian.

Two young bank clerks room together. One of them awoke and began preparing for the day, but hesitated to arouse the other—he slept with such a pleasant smile. Finally the ordeal could not be postponed any longer and the sleeper was subjected to a rude series of shakes.

"G'way, I can't get up yet. I must go back to sleep," was the drowsy protest.

"But it's tomorrow morning, we got to be at work in half an hour."

"You go—leave me alone! I'm bicycle riding with a pretty girl and she is just giving me her address, so I can call. And I lost my hat and I have to go back to sleep and find it."

To Aid Ribbon Industry.

The ribbon manufacturers of the United States are organizing a "Make It of Ribbon" campaign in order to further the interests of the industry, which represents an investment of \$20,000,000 and an annual business of \$60,000,000.

Good Mixers.

Your recent attitude has been somewhat ponderous and aloof," remarked the solicitous friend.

"Times have changed," replied Senator Sorghum. "In politics the 'good mixer' has gone out of date, along with the bartender."

Eggs!

Miss Gnu—Broken goes Willie Kangaroo. He's broken off his engagement to Isabel Wallaby.

Miss Gazelle—The little bouncer.—Life.

Indoor Exercise.

"I hear you've joined the Outing club."

"Yes."

"Going to take some long hikes?"

"Certainly, but only in the club house. I may walk around a billiard table 40 or 50 times in the course of an evening."

BIRDS AND CAT SPLIT HOUSE

Hiltherto Bosom Friends Proclaim Feud at a Time When Only Kindest Feeling Should Prevail.

There is a feud still only a few weeks old, out in one of the Westchester towns that promises to develop into a vendetta as intense and deadly as anything that Breathitt county ever produced. The pith of the feud is that no one would ever have predicted it; no one took steps to forestall it.

The Bixbys and the Judds have been neighbors for more than six months and until recently relations had been friendly between the two families. Bixby and Judd came out from the city on the same train three or four nights a week and until last week took part in the best game of pitch in the commuters' league. Mrs. Bixby and Mrs. Judd were neighborly about such things as a little vinegar or enough olive oil for a French dressing.

But that is all over now. Bixby and Judd pass each other with laboriously achieved unconcern. There are no more informal visits from house to house. The Bixbys are talking seriously about selling their house, even at a sacrifice, that they may get into a more congenial atmosphere. The Judds are letting it be known that the neighborhood is in some ways an unpleasant one.

Love of nature really started it. The Bixbys were unaware of the fact that Mrs. Judd was a bird lover. It is not always easy to identify a professional bird lover. Very often they give every indication of being normal persons. It is only when the annual migration starts that the bird lovers give themselves away.

That was when Mrs. Judd revealed her true character. As soon as the first robins appeared in the neighborhood she began to take the trouble of the birds to heart. It was a large order to worry about all the birds in town, but Mrs. Judd was conscientious.

There was Felix, for instance. Felix is the Bixby cat, a great lanky cat, highly decorative but not particularly respectable, and not familiar enough with bird lore to know that he shouldn't catch robins. He had been doing it for a long time; he did it one bright morning on the lawn in front of the Judd house.

Mrs. Judd went to the telephone. She called Mrs. Bixby. There were a few remarks, progressively icy. A complete silence. The feud began.

Felix, however, merely sat in the sun and cleaned up after his meal.

Life on Mars?

Mars, our nearest neighbor, will be at the nearest possible point to us—85,000,000 miles—in 1924; but this year it got within 42,000,000 miles of us on June 18, and the astronomers of the world eagerly trained their telescopes upon it. They did not discover much that they did not know before. They discerned masses of gleaming white at the poles, which most of them think are composed of snow and ice, though some of them consider the patches to be a deposit of crystallized carbonic acid gas. They also saw areas of green, which, say one authority, may be vegetation or may be seas. The same authority adds that the atmosphere appears to be so thin that living beings, if they exist on Mars, must be quite unlike anything that we know on earth.—Youth's Companion.

Gobelin Tapestries.

The Austrian government recently offered a collection of tapestries, chiefly Gobelins, as security for an American loan of \$15,000,000. Gobelin tapestries, the most valuable, are still being made in Paris, says the Mentor Magazine.

Sixty master weavers are employed at the Gobelin looms, where in the days of Louis XIV 300 worked on tapestries for the Sun King. The building is on the site of the medieval dye works of Philbert and Jean Gobelin.

Tapestries are now woven for French public buildings. Pieces that sold for \$100 a century ago bring thousands today.

A Guilty Conscience.

"The spirit of your departed wife would like to speak to you," said the medium.

"You needn't bother about bringing us face to face, ma'am," replied the client, in some trepidation. "Just say I'm well and I hope she's the same. You might add that I miss her something dreadful."

"I'll deliver your message."

"Thanks, ma'am. And if you don't mind, I'll just pay the fee and be on my way. Maggie's been dead two years and during that time I'm afraid I've done things she wouldn't approve of."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Saved.

When labor-saving machinery was first introduced, most people opposed it, on the ground that it would throw many out of jobs. Many an old-time sewing machine salesman still carries brackshot in his legs, fired there by "practical" gents who objected to the devilish device that took work from seamstresses. Today we realize that labor-saving devices merely shift workers into new industries—and raise the standard of living. You see this illustrated in the American telephone system that does the work of 6,000,000 messenger boys.

Bob-White Eats Beetles.

The bob-white eats the adults or beetles of the corn rootworm which lay the eggs that later become larvae or worms and infest the corn. As many as 12 of the beetles, according to the bureau of entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture, have been found in the stomach of one bob-white. The red-headed woodpecker, nighthawk, cardinal kingbird and phoebe also eat the beetles and reduce the damage done by the southern corn rootworm.

Children's Ory FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

LET THE 'GOLDFISH' DO IT

New York Health Commissioner Gives Advice to Those Who May Be Bothered by Mosquitoes.

Have you a little goldfish—fish, not digger—in your home? Which name is not the title of a Broadway musical comedy or of the latest spasm from Tin Pan alley. It is a serious inquiry addressed to a suffering population by the state health commissioner, Dr. Herman M. Biggs, observes the New York Herald. If little culex piteus, homebred New York mosquito, is what's biting you, go get a goldfish or an oil can. They are the only known cures for the mosquito plague, Dr. Biggs says. It's a case of patronizing the Standard Oil company or the pet-store.

The doctor is not dogmatic in advising "purchase of a goldfish to catch and eat mosquito eggs and infant mosquitoes before they grow up and develop aegery. Most any fish will do—minnow, tarpon, tuna, landlocked salmon, squirrel cat. Goldfish are suggested not only because they add to the beauty of homes, but because they are so affectionately resembling nothing so much as an Alredale. All fish are food of mosquitoes as hors d'oeuvre. Choice is optional. That is the substance of the advice to tortured citizens on the verge of losing their religion by Commissioner Biggs in a series of "bellefian" and health talks.

SEEK LIVES OF USEFULNESS

American-Born Chinese Girls Work Hard to Fit Themselves to Help Less Fortunate.

Few people are acquainted with that unique type of girl, the American-born Chinese. "Sis" is far different from her sisters in the Orient. As a rule she has made the most of her opportunities in America.

The Chinese have the genius to make work a pleasure and an art. Their student life is full of delight. Study for them seems to be an instinct.

Miss Edna Cameron, who has taught a great number of Chinese girls in Portland (Ore.) schools, recently said that she found them honest, diligent, fair-minded and always polite and kind.

"It would seem quite impossible for them to be unkind or to do an impossible thing. By nature they are honest, contented and hard-working and express gratitude for their education," she said.

Many Chinese girls in America are fitting themselves for business, either in the Orient or in this country.

There are scores of young Chinese girls in America who have attained a vast amount of the good offered in this land and who now are dreaming of going to the land of their ancestors to teach and help the girls there.

Bible Verse Called "Code."

Owing to the ruling of the signal corps, United States army, that code messages will not be accepted for transmission over the cable to Alaska, a telegraph clerk recently refused to take a message for Nome which read: "Third Epistle of John, verses 18 and 14." The sender said he figured he could get his message in the limit of the forward special rate, the dispatch being designed to notify his son that he would soon arrive in Alaska.

The Bible text indicated has these words: "I have many things to write, but I will not with ink and pen write unto thee, but I trust I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face."—New York Sun.

Nothing Doing.

Old Mose carefully knocked the ashes from his cornob and put it on the mantelpiece.

"Handy," he remarked, "I think Iee gwine put on mah bes' clothes an' go down to de theater tonight to see de chorus ladies dance."

His wife turned a stony eye on him.

"Mose," she said slowly, "listen heah! If dat am what yuh thinks, then yuh'd better think again. Nigrah, yuh ain't gwine put on nothin' to go no place, no time to see nobody do nothin', no how, no what, not at all. Does yuh understand?"—Saturday Evening Post.

Merely Curious to Know.

An elderly woman who was sitting by me on the train one day got up hurriedly and left. As she was walking down the aisle I noticed that she had forgotten her spectacle case.

It was wedged securely between the seats and I kept pulling energetically at it to get it out before she should reach the door.

Just as she disappeared around the corner a man peered over the top of the seat behind and remarked in a patient tone, "Just what was it you wanted with that shoe?"—Exchange.

Laying Down a Barrage.

"Do you hear from your son at college?"

"Early and often," said Mr. Grab-colin. "I get so many requests for money by mail, telegraph and long-distance telephone that I hesitate to 'listen in' with my radio outfit for fear I'll hear son's voice making another appeal."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The famous poem "How They Brought the Good News From Ghent to Aix," by Robert Browning, has been the cause of great argument. At the time of its publication, much speculation was aroused as to what was the "good news" which was carried between these two points, and what was the nature of the event which the verses celebrate. Mr. Browning, himself, wrote a letter in 1882 which disposes of the subject for all time. "There is no sort of historical foundation for the poem," wrote Mr. Browning. "I wrote it under the delusion of a vessel of the African coast, after I had been in the habit of going to the bank of a certain horse in my stable at home. It was written in pencil on the flyleaf of a book."

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury, September 7, 1822

There are now living in this town 807 persons from 70 to 100 years of age; of whom 87 are white males, 183 white females; 11 colored males, and 20 colored females. There has been but one death here for the last three weeks. These instances of longevity and health, we believe, cannot be said of any other seaport town in the United States of the same population.

(In 1822 New Hampshire had six members of congress and Rhode Island two; now New Hampshire has two and Rhode Island three.

Strange Doings.—In the city of New Orleans a Presbyterian church was lately sold on execution by the sheriff, and purchased by Mr. Judah Touro, a native of this town, of the Jewish faith, for \$20,000, in order that the society may continue to worship in it.

The Chief Engineer of the War department reports the following appropriations necessary for the defence of Rhode Island:

Fort at Brenton's Point	\$575,514
Redoubt in advance of do.	164,642
Fort at Dumlupin's Point	619,240
Fort at Rose Island	82,411
Dyke across West Passage	205,080
Total	\$1,697,523

The Navy department has ordered the Court of Inquiry, to immediately investigate the manner in which the Macedonian frigate was fitted for sea, previous to her last melancholy cruise, Capt. Biddle having complained of the manner in which she was fitted out.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, September 7, 1872

A sneak thief calling himself David Burke was arrested in this city last Friday for stealing from the residence of Capt. Alfred S. Chase, a gold watch, chain and breastpin. He had evidently stolen from other houses here and elsewhere, as he had two other watches.

The Artillery Company will notice the anniversary of Perry's Victory on Tuesday next by making an excursion, with their lady friends and the Artillery Veteran Association, to the Stone Bridge House.

Miss Elizabeth Perry died on Monday in the 90th year of her age. She will be remembered by many an absent one, for "Aunt Betsey" was one of the best of women. Miss Mary Barber, aged 79, also died on Monday. She was the youngest daughter of Henry and Ann Barber, both former publishers of the Mercury.

The annual document of the city, containing the reports of the several officers, and a correct list of the taxpayers, is now ready for delivery. Every taxpayer is entitled to a copy. (That was 50 years ago. Today the city is too poor to furnish the taxpayers with a copy, notwithstanding the fact that today the city is spending six times as much of the people's money as it spent in those days.)

The tax rate in 1872 was \$8.70 on a \$1,000, and the total tax was \$219,662.68.

The Hotel Bateman is rearing its immense proportions next to the Mercury building. It is to be sixteen feet higher than the posts now up.

(Fifty years ago Admiral George Dewey of Manila fame, was commander and executive officer at the Torpedo Station.)

Mr. Alfred Smith says his real estate sales thus far for 1872 foot up over a million dollars. And the year has four months more to run.

A Grant and Wilson Club was organized Saturday evening, with Robert B. Cranston for president, (and a long list of other officers, not one of whom is now living. Col. William J. Correns, the secretary, was the last survivor.)

The City Marshal has been instructed by the Board of Aldermen to request liquor sellers to refrain from selling a certain man liquor. We think this plan should be adopted toward certain other men we could mention, who are clever and industrious when sober, but when they get one drink they are ugly and half around from one bar-room to another for several days.

General Dix, a distinguished officer of the Civil War and the author of the order, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot," was a very versatile man. He held office under President Pierce, as a democrat, under Buchanan as a State's Rights man, under President Lincoln as a Union man, under President Johnson as a supporter of my policy, and under President Grant as a Republican. In 1848 he ran for Governor of New York as a free soilder.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, September 11, 1897

Hon. Henry H. Fay died at his residence on Ayrault street and Greenough place early Wednesday morning, after a long and suffering illness, and his funeral will be solemnized at 12 o'clock today from Trinity Church. He leaves a widow, who was Miss Ida Gifford of Baltimore, and Professor William W. Fay, of the U. S. Naval Academy, is his brother.

Yesterday was the anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie, and in accordance with Mr. O. R. P. Belmont's custom, a salute was fired at noon at Fort Adams by the gun squad of the Newport Artillery Company, under Lt. Colonel Bliss.

Ex-Congressman William Shepley has been extensive improvements to the Paul Barker estate on Pleasant and Warner streets, which he recently purchased.

Trinity Church was the scene Wednesday noon of a large and representative gathering assembled to witness the baptisms of Mr. John Nicholas Brownson, of the late John Carter Brown of Providence, and Miss Natalie Bayard Dresser, daughter of the late Col. George Warren Dresser. The ceremony was performed by Rt. Rev.

Henry C. Potter, Bishop of the diocese of New York, assisted by Rev. George J. Magill, D. D. and Rev. Emory H. Porter, of this city, and Rev. C. A. L. Richards of Providence.

Rev. J. Eldred Brown of Norwich, Ct., has been spending a few days of this week with his brother, Mr. Thos. G. Brown, on Broadway.

Mr. Herbert A. Kaulf of this city was operated upon for appendicitis Wednesday at the Newport Hospital. The operation, which was performed by Drs. Bull and Darrach, was highly successful, and the patient is on the rapid road to recovery.

Mr. James H. Barney will leave for Philadelphia tonight to attend the Great Sun Council of the Great Council of the United States, Improved Order of Red Men.

Mr. Frederick A. Barlow fell from a roof on Tilly avenue last Saturday afternoon, breaking three ribs, and sustaining a general shanking up.

Mr. George T. Finch of New York has been in town this week.

At the Supreme Convention of the Knights of Sherwood Forest, held in Jersey City this week, Mr. D. J. McGowan, of this city, was elected Supreme Commander, and Mr. J. E. Sullivan was chosen Supreme Adjutant General.

Real Golfing Hero. Lord Riddell, who made many American friends at the Washington conference, speaking at a recent luncheon at the Cricketh Golf club, London, related:

"The greatest hero in golf history was a Scotsman, who in the year 1710 used to start playing at dawn and end by putting at the last green by candle light.

"Matters reached such a stage that his wife, an innkeeper, applied for a separation order. This enabled the man to make one of the most pathetic declarations in history.

"Let her have the business," he said, "provided she gives me sufficient to clothe and feed myself and provide myself with golf balls."

"The magistrates must have thought it a very proper disposition of the marital property, because they decreed accordingly, and the gentleman lived to be ninety-five and continued his vocation."

Bermuda Permits Autos. Bermuda has given way and will now have automobiles, under public control. A majority of the legislative body of Bermuda has at last agreed to permit a system of motorbuses for passengers and freight. Private motorcars, however, will stay under the ban.

After religiously excluding the motorcar and permitting only horses and bicycles, Bermuda has declared for the motorcar, but only as a public conveyance with its operation and management subject to strict surveillance. —The Nation's Business.

Saw One on the Ceiling. "What's a plesiosaurus?" asked Mr. Bibbles.

"A prehistoric monster that lived a long time ago," said Mr. Jagsby.

"What did it look like?"

"Like something that never was. I could have given you a pretty good description of a plesiosaurus after my last illness—the one that caused me to sign the pledge," —Birmingham Age-Herald.

Forgotten Great Ones. "The old Thespians who played with Booth and Barrett has about disappeared."

"It's just as well. If he showed up in Hollywood he wouldn't make much of an impression. The beautiful stars, the directors and the eminent producers probably wouldn't know whom he was talking about." —Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Time for All Things. "What sort of refreshments should be served at a radio concert?"

"Anything you happen to have in the house," said Mr. Bibbles.

"Wouldn't do it."

"Yes, but I wouldn't serve it until after the guests have heard the baseball scores and the market reports. You have to keep your mind on figures." —Birmingham Age-Herald.

Gothic. Gothic ordinarily was a term of reproach given to a style of architecture by the renaissance architects of the sixteenth century. It was popular with some from the time it began about the ninth century, and was spoken of as the pointed style.

In the Study. When there is no recreation or business for thee abroad, thou mayest then have a company of honest old fellows, in leather jackets, in the study, which may find thee excellent diversion at home. —Fuller.

His Preference. She (at the party): "I don't think the coxswain of your crew likes dancing." He: "I'm afraid not. He told me he'd sooner steer eight men than one woman any day." —Boston Evening Transcript.

Getting Wrong Numbers. Dowdney: "People who call up on the telephone are not the only ones who get the wrong number." Alexander: "Who are the others?" "A girl usually gets it when she buys a pair of shoes." —London Answers.

Penguins Unafraid of Man. The penguins of the antarctic regions are the most human of all the bird family, walking upright and living in communities, quite unafraid of man.

The Red Poppy Fields. According to the history of European wars, it has been found that the red poppy grows in fields where blood has been shed. They flourish in England, Belgium and France.

TROPICAL VALLEY FAR NORTH

Area in British Columbia, Close to the Yukon Border, Has Hundreds of Hot Springs.

Discovery of an almost tropical valley with rivers of boiling water, mineral springs, abundant plant growth and abundant with game, in far northern British Columbia is reported by Frank Perry, mining engineer of Vancouver, returned after 11 years passed in prospecting the valley close to the Yukon border. The area of the terrain covered by Mr. Perry is roughly 700 miles north and south and 300 miles wide, between the coastal range and the Lizard and Port Nelson rivers.

The unusual sight of a heavy fog in a winter attracted him to the valley. Exploration showed the valley to be approximately 200 miles long and about 40 miles wide. Rivers of hot water running through, were fed by hundreds of hot springs, the steam from these being condensed on rising, forming the fog which Perry had first seen.

Tree growth in the valley was abnormal, Mr. Perry stated. Ordinary wild rose bushes were like trees, and so dense that it was impossible to force a way through. Some tree trunks were fully one foot and a half in diameter.

Important mineral deposits were discovered by Mr. Perry, including gold, silver and copper. Coal, iron and oil formations were also found.

HIS MIND FIRMLY MADE UP

Prospective Juror Evidently Not a Man Who Could Easily Be Influenced by Trifles.

The last time a jury trial was demanded in city court at Jeffersonville a special venire was issued by the mayor under act of the legislature, and the court made sure that every member should be a man who could be depended on to vote according to the evidence—as well as at least as the court could judge, the Indianapolis News reports. The prosecutor, James L. Bottorff, threw some light on the reason. Recently, he said, a jury was being impaneled to try a liquor case and the talesmen were being interrogated. One local merchant had been practically accepted when the prosecutor asked whether he had any objections to finding a man guilty under the prohibition laws. "You could not present evidence that would convince me of his guilt," was the answer. "I should vote for acquittal if I knew he was guilty." The prospective juror was permitted to stand aside. He seemed to have found a sure way to avoid being drawn for jury service.

A Distinct Story.

"Worra, it seems there wance war an Orlishman named Pat. Wan day he bane walk in the street and he seen it his friend O'Grady with a gurl. 'Na,' says Pat next day to O'Grady, 'Dot's a handisch model ah done see a walk-in with yestiddy. Who was it a walk-in?' 'Saprist!' answered O'Grady, with a rich brogue, 'Sho' nuf, dat I'nt gal ahn't no lady. She bane my wife.'—Life.

Originated in America.

The familiar expression "used up," for being tired or exhausted, originated in America. The first known use of the phrase, in print, occurs in Sam Slick's "Human Nature," page 195: "Well, being out, night arter night, she got kinder used up."

One Way to Get Bad Service.

Once get a reputation as a chronic klicker and everybody who has to do anything for you will see that you get something more to kick about.—Detroit Free Press.

Help Wanted.

He: "Two can live as cheaply as one and we could start out by doing light housekeeping." She: "That would be fine if we only knew where we could find a vacant lighthouse."

Heard in New York.

Harrington: "This traction problem is a serious one." Carrington: "If you were a married man, you would find the subtraction problem more serious."

Surprised.

"Heaven!" said the visiting golfer, "I never played such a rotten game." "Oh! Then you have played before?" asked the brave caddy.—Judge.

The Only God.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.—The First Commandment.

Mortgagee's Sale

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in certain mortgages and interest by Michael Martin (with Annie L. Martin, his wife, in release of dower) to the Collingdon Savings Bank of Newport, dated March 2nd, A.D. 1920, and recorded in Volume 52 of the Land Records of the City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, and which said mortgage is now held by the Industrial Trust Company, a corporation created by the General Assembly, and doing business in the City and County of Providence, in said State, by reason of a Transfer of Mortgage dated February 22nd, A.D. 1921, and recorded in the Mortgage Land Evidence of said City of Newport, in Volume 53, at Page 321, breach of the condition of said mortgage having been made and said mortgagee, the said Mortgagee, will sell at public auction, on Narragansett avenue, in front of the land hereinafter described, on MONDAY, the 25th day of September, A.D. 1922, at twelve o'clock noon, 11 o'clock Standard Time, all the right, title and interest which the said Michael Martin and Annie L. Martin had at the time of the execution of said mortgage and did by said mortgagee, in or to that certain lot of land with improvements thereon, situate in said City of Newport, and bounded Northerly by land of Richard Reynolds and wife forty-six (46) feet; Easterly by the lot of John E. Gifford, fifty and five (55) feet; Southerly by Narragansett avenue, forty-six (46) feet; and Westerly by land of the said Michael Martin, all said measurements more or less, or however otherwise, the same may be bounded or described; said premises being all that was granted by said Mortgagee, which deed is hereby made public notice that it intends to bid for said property at said sale thereof.

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY.

By George W. Bacheller, Jr., Mgr.

Newport, R. I., Sept. 5th, 1922-31

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I., June 16th A. D. 1922.

BY VIRTUE of and in pursuance of an Execution Number 3023 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the second day of May, A. D. 1922, and returnable to the said Court November 2nd, A. D. 1922, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 11th day of April, A. D. 1922, in favor of Meach & Stoddard, Inc., a corporation duly created by law and doing business under the law of the State of Rhode Island, and against Mary E. Shanahan, defendant, I have this day at 10 minutes past 8 o'clock a. m. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Mary E. Shanahan, had on the 6th day of October, A. D. 1921, at 11 minutes past 10 o'clock a. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:

1st parcel: Bounded northerly by the parcel of land next hereinafter described; Easterly by Greenough Place; Southerly by land of Patrick J. Murphy; Easterly and Southerly by land of Patrick J. Murphy, thence Southerly again partly by the end of a court known as Tompkins Court and partly by the land of the heirs deceased; Westerly by land of Anne E. Leary, deceased, and Northwesterly by land of Elizabeth H. Hazard and another. Second parcel: Beginning at the North-easterly corner of the parcel of land hereinafter described on Greenough Place and running thence in a Westerly direction one hundred and sixty-two and eighty-four hundredths (162.54) feet to a ditchway, bounded Southerly by the parcel of land hereinafter described, thence running northeasterly along and bounded on said ditchway one hundred and ten and ninety-six hundredths (110.96) feet to land of Anne E. Leary, thence running southeasterly bounded northeasterly by said land of said Anne E. Leary, one hundred thirty-four and five hundredths (134.5) feet to the lot of said John E. Gifford, running southerly, six and forty-four hundredths (6.44) feet along and bounded on said Greenough Place to the point of beginning, all of the said lot, more or less, or however otherwise described, being the same premises conveyed to Mary E. Shanahan by deed dated March 20th, A. D. 1920, and recorded in the Land Evidence of said Newport in Volume 51 at Page 68 AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 11th day of September, A. D. 1922, at 11 o'clock a. m. for the satisfaction of said Execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I., June 16th A. D. 1922.

BY VIRTUE of and in pursuance of an Execution Number 3033 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the second day of May, A. D. 1922, and returnable to the said Court November 2nd, A. D. 1922, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 11th day of April, A. D. 1922, in favor of Meach & Stoddard, Inc., a corporation duly created by law and doing business in the City of Fall River, in the State of Massachusetts, plaintiff, and against Dennis Shanahan, defendant, I have this day at 10 minutes past 9 o'clock a. m. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Dennis Shanahan, had on the 14th day of April, A. D. 1921, at 40 minutes past 3 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: All the right, title and interest of the said Dennis Shanahan, in and to that certain parcel of land with the dwelling house and other improvements thereon, situate in the City of Newport, State of Rhode Island, being Lot Number 19 on the Plan of Station Terrace, surveyed by William H. Lawton, November 15th, 1900, which plan is recorded in the Land Records of the City of Newport, State of Rhode Island, in Volume 52, at Page 333, the said lot being bounded Southerly on Princeton street, 45 feet; Easterly on land now or formerly of Barker Building & Realty Company, 55 feet; Northerly on other land now or formerly of the said Barker Building & Realty Company, 45 feet; Westerly, partly on land now or formerly of the said John E. Gifford, and partly on land now or formerly of the said Barker Building & Realty Company, 55 feet, be all of said measurements more or less, or however otherwise said premises are bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 11th day of September, A. D. 1922, at 11 o'clock a. m. for the satisfaction of said Execution debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

Estate of Anaplio E. Gersin

NOTICE is hereby given that Patrick J. Boyle has qualified as Administrator of the estate of Anaplio E. Gersin, late of Newport, deceased.

Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law, beginning September 2nd, 1922.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

Estate of Edward Fitzgerald

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Edward Fitzgerald, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the Eighteenth day of September next, at ten o'clock a. m. at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

Estate of Thomas Dowd

NOTICE is hereby given that Katherine J. Curran has qualified as Executor of the estate of Thomas Dowd, late of Newport, deceased.

Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law, beginning September 5th, 1922.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

September 5th 1922.

Help Pay Your Painter!
Save in cost of Paint for painting your House, by using
L & M SEMI-PASTE PAINT

To illustrate:
JONES paid \$49 for 14 Gallons of "ready for use" Mixed PAINT—SMITH made 14 Gallons of the Best Pure Paint for \$34.60, by buying 8 Gals. L & M Semi-Paste Paint and 6 Gals. Linseed Oil to mix into it.
SMITH SAVED \$14.40
Extensively used for 50 years
FOR SALE BY

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STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS
Newport, R. I., June 16th A. D. 1922.
BY VIRTUE of and in pursuance of an Execution Number 3033 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the second day of May, A. D. 1922, and returnable to the said Court November 2nd, A. D. 1922, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 11th day of April, A. D. 1922, in favor of Henry Jennings, of the City of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, plaintiff, and against Dennis Shanahan, defendant, I have this day at 9 minutes past 10 o'clock a. m. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Dennis Shanahan had on the 26th day of May, A. D. 1921, at 12 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northerly on Prospect Hill street; Easterly on lands now or formerly of John S. Langley, et al., and others; Southerly on Franklin street, and Westerly on lands now or formerly of the late Joseph M. Hammett, formerly the premises of Stoddard & Shanahan, deceased, and now the premises of Dennis Shanahan and Patrick H. Hogan. Be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

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